A MANVAL of DEVOTIONS

By Io: Hall B D

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JACOB's Ladder:

OR, THE

DEVOUT SOULS

Aſcenſion to

HEAVEN,

In Prayers, Thankſgivings, and Praiſes.

In Four PARTS, *viz.*

1. Private Devotions } *For every Day*
2. Family Devotions } *in the Week.*
3. Occaſional Devotions.
4. Sacred Poems upon ſelect Subjects.

WITH

Graces and Thankſgivings:

Illuſtrated with Sculptures.

By *JO. HALL*, B. D.

The SIXTEENTH EDITION.

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Guil. Wiggan.

To the Virtuous and Religious Gentlewoman, Mrs. *M. P.*

IT is not the Excellency of the Gift, but your Goodneſs, that muſt render this ſmall Manual *acceptable to you; of which having had ſo great Experience, I cannot doubt its Continuance.*

And knowing your devout Inclination towards Books of this Nature, I could not think of a more pleaſing Return for your many Favours, than this Jacob's Ladder, *whereby your Soul may aſcend to Heaven; and make known all your Wants, and (by Faith accompanying your Prayers) may receive Anſwers to all your holy Deſires and Petitions.*

I doubt not but many have done worthily, yea, much excelled in this kind; but I have found, though there are many Manuals *of* Private *Devotions, yet here are very few for Families, which*

Want I have heard complained of; and therefore I thought I could not better employ my vacant Hours, than to make a Collection of ſome daily Prayers, that might be both plain and pertinent: And indeed, the Family Devotions *were my firſt Deſign; only I thought that to make it compleat and conformable to others of this Nature, it would be convenient to add ſome* Private and Occaſional Devotions, *together with ſome brief* Meditations *of the Vanity of Man's Life, and Certainty of his Death, which we can never too much think of, nor too ſoon prepare for.*

If you, or any other, reap any Benefit by it, I have my Deſire: If it be not well, it is becauſe I could not help it, however, I doubt not but you will accept the Will for the Deed, becauſe it is from

6 JA 63

Your Devoted Servant,

J. Hall.

PRE-

PREPARATIONS TO DEVOTION.

PRemeditation, is Preparation to *Private Prayer*; Private to Publick, Private and Publick, to the hearing of the Word; Private and Publick Prayer, together with hearing of the Word, to the *worthy Participation of the Holy Sacrament*: For the *Sacrament* receives Strength and Vigour from the *Word*, the Word preached from Publick *Prayer*, Publick Prayer from Private Devotion, and that from Premeditation and Pre-consideration of the Nature of Devotion, and the Neceſſity of Preparation it ſelf to all holy Duties in the immediate Worſhip of God.

What DEVOTION *is.*

DEVOTION is the Hearts warmth, or rather the life-blood of Religion; it is a ſacred Bond knitting the Soul unto God: It is a ſpiritual *Muſcle* moving

only upward, and lifting the Heart, Eyes, and Hands continually to Heaven.

Whoſoever deſires to make a Divine Prayer, muſt by Premeditation frame it in his Mind.

Firſt, the Form; which muſt be,

1. *Short*, or conceived in as few Words as may be.

2. *Conformable* in all Things to the Pattern, *The Lord's-Prayer.*

Secondly, The *Matter*, which conſiſts of three Parts.

1. Humble *Confeſſion.*

2. Confident *Invocation*, Petition, or Supplication.

3. Hearty Thankſgiving.

1. In humble Confeſſion, ſet before thee,

1. *God*, his terrible Name, glorious Majeſty, All-ſeeing Eye, Infinite Purity, ſtrict Juſtice, fierce Wrath againſt Sin.

2. *Man*, his Vileneſs, Wretchedneſs, Sinfulneſs, Wants and Inability.

2. In the ſecond Part, Invocation and Petition, fix thy Thoughts,

1. On *God*, his Love to Man, his Mercy and Long Sufferings, his gracious Promiſes, and his omnipotent Goodneſs.

2. On *Chriſt*, his perfect Obedience, his plenary Satisfaction, his perpetual Interceſſion.

In

In the third, which is hearty *Thankſgiving*, recount God's Benefits.

1. *Spiritual*, as Election, Creation, Redemption, Vocation, Juſtification, Sanctification, and hope of Glorification.

2. *Temporal*, as Health, Strength, Wealth, Liberty, good Name, Friends, and Safety.

Some Texts of Scripture, which may be orderly applied to every one of the foregoing Particulars.

WHen you pray uſe not vain Repetitions, as the Heathens do, for they think they ſhall be heard for their much ſpeaking, Mat. 6. 7.

After this Manner pray ye, Mat. 6. 3.

I ſaid I will confeſs my Tranſgreſſions to the Lord, and thou forgaveſt the Iniquity of my Sin, Pſal. 32. 5.

Let them praiſe thy great and terrible Name, for it is Holy, Pſal. 99. 3.

Who is the King of Glory, even the Lord of Hoſt, he is the King of Glory, Pſal. 24. 10.

Mine Eyes are upon all their Ways, they are not hid from my Face, neither is their Iniquities hid from my Eyes, Jer. 10. 17.

And one cried to another, and ſaid, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hoſts, Iſa. 6. 3.

Who will render to every Man according to his Deeds, Rom. 2. 7.

Thou, even thou art to be feared, and who may ſtand in thy Sight when once thou art angry? Pſal. 76. 7.

Surely every Man is altogether Vanity, Pſal. 39. 11.

O wretched Man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the Body of this Death? Rom. 7. 24.

We are all as an unclean Thing, and all our Righteouſneſs as filthy Rags, Iſa. 46. 9.

Without me you can do nothing, John 15. 5.

All Things whatſoever ye ſhall ask in Prayer believing, ye ſhall receive, Mat. 21. 22.

God ſo loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in him ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting Life, John 3. 16.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, ſlow to Anger, and plentiful in Mercy, Pſal. 103. 8.

Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you Reſt, Mat. 11. 28.

Though your Sins be as ſcarlet, they ſhall be as white as Snow; though they be red like Crimſon, they ſhall be as Wool, Iſa. 1. 18.

They

They that ſow in Tears, ſhall reap in Joy, Pſal. 125. 6.

To him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, &c. *be Glory*, &c. Eph. 3. 20, 21.

Thou waſt ſlain: and haſt redeemed us to God by thy Blood, Rev. 5. 9.

Chriſt is entred into Heaven, now to appear in the Preſence of God for us, Heb. 9. 24.

Giving Thanks always for all Things unto God and the Father, Eph. 5. 20.

What ſhall I render unto the Lord for his Benefits? Pſal. 116. 12.

God hath from the Beginning choſen you to Salvation through Sanctification of the Spirit, &c. 2 Theſſ. 2. 13.

Thy Hands have made me and faſhioned me, Pſal. 119. 73.

Bleſſed be the Lord, for he hath viſited and redeemed his People, Luke 1. 68.

I am not come to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance, Matt. 9. 13.

Being juſtified by his Grace, we ſhall be made Heirs, according to the Hope of Eternal Life, Tit. 3. 7.

Such were ſome of you, but ye are waſhed, ye are ſanctified, 1 Cor. 6. 11.

Thou ſhalt guide me with thy Counſel, and afterwards receive me to Glory, Pſal. 73. 24.

Bleſs the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits, Pſal. 103. 2.

The Lord killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the Grave, and bringeth up, 1 Sam. 2. 6.

It is God that girdeth me with Strength, and maketh my Way perfect, Pſal. 18. 32.

Alſo the Lord gave Job *twice as much as he had before,* Job *ult.*

Thou haſt ſet me at Liberty when I was in Thrall, Pſal. 4. 1.

And theſe all having obtained good Report through Faith, received not the Promiſe, Heb. 11. 39.

Ointment and Perfume rejoice the Heart, ſo doth the Sweetneſs of a Man's Friend by hearty Counſel, Prov. 27. 9.

Thou, Lord, only makeſt me dwell in Safety, Pſal. 4. 1.

The Lord ſhall preſerve thee from all Evil, he ſhall preſerve thy Soul, Pſ. 121.

A Preparatory HYMN, *collected out of divers* Pſalms.

THou ſaidſt, Seek ye my Face: My Heart ſaid unto thee, Thy Face, Lord, will I ſeek, *Pſal.* 27. 8.

Hide not thy Face far from me: Put not thy Servant away in Anger, *verſe* 9.

Caſt

Caſt me not away from thy Preſence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me, *Pſal.* 51. 12.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry unto thee; have Mercy alſo upon me, and anſwer me, *Pſal.* 27. 7.

Give Ear to my Words, O Lord, conſider my Meditation, *Pſal.* 5. 1.

My Heart is inditing a good Matter; my Tongue is the Pen of a ready Writer, *Pſal.* 45. 1.

O Lord, open thou my Mouth, and my Lips ſhall ſhew forth thy Praiſe, *Pſ.* 51. 15.

Let my Prayer be ſet forth before thee as Incenſe, and the lifting up of my Hands as the Evening Sacrifice, *Pſal.* 11. 2.

Set a Watch, O Lord, before my Mouth, and keep the Door of my Lips, *Pſ.* 14. 3.

Let the Words of my Mouth, and the Meditations of my Heart, be acceptable in thy Sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer, *Pſal.* 19. 14.

An Exhortation to ſtir up Chriſtians to PRAYER.

PRAYER is of that Force and Vertue, that it ties the Ear of God to the Tongue of Man. O it is an acceptable Incenſe to God always, for how hath he always rewarded it and regarded it? It never returned but with a Bleſſing, ſo that

that the Prayer be ſent out of a pure and upright Heart, mingled with Faith; for we muſt *ask in Faith, and waver not*, as St. *James* ſaith.

By fervent Prayer, the Children of *Iſrael* were delivered from the *Egyptian* Bondage, as you may read. That *when they cried unto the Lord*, he heard them, and delivered them out of their Enemies Hands. Therefore let us continually pray unto God both Morning and Evening, and let us call and cry unto him for a Bleſſing upon us, and deſire him to preſerve us, and to remove his Judgments from us. To which End I have thought good to frame this Manual of Private Devotions, for a Help to thoſe that may want them.

Private Devotions.

Collection of Morning and Evening PRAYERS for private Perſons, for every Day in the Week.

Evening, and Morning, and at Noon will I pray, and cry aloud, and he ſhall hear my Voice, Pſal. 15. 17.

A Prayer for Sunday Morning.

ALmighty God, the bleſſed Creator and Finiſher of the Salvation of Man-

Mankind; who in Memory of thy glorious reſt from both thy noble Works, haſt bleſſed and ſanctified a Day of holy reſt unto thy ſelf; ſanctifie me for it, that laying aſide my accuſtomed Buſineſs, and ſequeſtring my Thoughts from all worldly Cares, I may keep it and my ſelf holy to thee, by dedicating and devoting my ſelf wholly to thy peculiar Worſhip, and immediate Service; and to the End that this my religious Service may be more acceptable to thee, quicken me with thy Spirit, that I may perform it with all Alacrity and Chearfulneſs, and may make thy Sabbath my Delight. Touch my Heart and Tongue with a Coal from thy Altar, that from the ſweet Incenſe of my Meditations, Hymns, Prayers and Thankſgivings, thou may'ſt ſmell a Savour of Reſt. O Prince of Peace! Sanctifie thy reſt unto me, that I may find reſt to my Soul from all Temptations, Troubles and Fears, and may reſt from my own Works, which are painful and ſinful Travels, and may imploy this Day all the Powers and Faculties of my Soul and Body in doing and conſidering thy Works, in adoring thy Majeſty, and admiring thy Wiſdom, and acknowledging thy Power, and embracing thy Love, and magnifying thy Goodneſs, and rejoicing in thy Mercies, and trembling at thy Judgments, in viſiting thy holy

holy Temple, and praiſing thee with thy Saints, and offering up the Calves of my Lips, in diligent reading the Scriptures, attentively hearing the Word, reverently celebrating thy Myſteries, charitably relieving thy Members, and zealouſly practiſing all holy Duties, both publick and private. O let me this whole Day walk with thee as *Enoch* ſometimes did, and talk with thee as *Moſes* did, and ſeek thy Face as *David* did: And grant that beholding thine Image in thine holy Word, as in a clear and cryſtal Mirror, I may be changed into the ſame Image, even from Glory to Glory. Let this Sabbath put me in Mind of thy holy Reſt from thy Works, and aſſure me therefore of an everlaſting Sabbath in Heaven from my Works; into which Reſt, that I may enter, ſtir up good Deſires in me, raiſe my Thoughts and Affections to the Things which are above; renew me according to the Image of thy Son, and frame my Life to a heavenly Converſation; enlighten my Underſtanding, ſanctifie my Will, moderate my Deſires, govern my Affections, mortifie my fleſhly Members, deſtroy the Man of Sin in me, and deliver me from the Body of Death; work in me a Fear of thy Power, and a Love of thy Goodneſs, and Zeal of thy Glory, and a Thirſt after thy Grace, and an earneſt Deſire and conſtant

ſtant Reſolution (as much as in me lieth) to approve my ſelf to thee in all Things, and frame all my Actions to the Rule of thy Word. Hear me, I beſeech thee, for thy Church; and thy Church for me, and Chriſt for us all; ſaying,

Our Father, &c.

A Prayer for Sunday Evening.

HOly, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which waſt, which art, and which art to come: Hallow my Nature, that I may hallow thy Name. As thou imparteſt thy Goodneſs to me, whereby I live and move in thee; Communicate to me ſome Meaſure of thy Holineſs, that I may live and move in thee. Let thy Spirit of Grace poſſeſs my Body and Soul, that the Deſires of my Mind, and Thoughts of my Heart, and Words of my Lips, may be Holineſs unto thee. Sanctifie me, that I may glorifie thee: And firſt, with Joy and Thankfulneſs I acknowledge it a ſpecial Teſtimony of thy Love, that thou haſt given me Liberty and Means to keep a holy Sabbath unto thee, to meet in thy Houſe, to offer up my joint Prayers and Thankſgivings with thy holy Congregation, to confeſs my Sin, to profeſs my Faith, to lay open my Wants, to chear up my ſelf, by ſinging the ſweet Songs of *Sion*, to hear

thy

thy ſacred Word read and preached, whereby my Faith hath been ſtrengthened in the Myſteries of Salvation, my Hope eſtabliſhed in the Promiſes of the Goſpel, and my Life ſet forward in a ſettled Courſe of Holineſs and Righteouſneſs; whereby the Kingdom of Sin and Satan is beaten down and deſtroyed, and the Kingdom of Chriſt built up in me: By this thy Word, the careleſs Sinner is admoniſhed, the Ignorant inſtructed, the Preſumptuous terrified, and the Penitent comforted, the Power of Sin is abated, the Force of Temptations weakned, the Motions of the Spirit quickned, Grace received, and my Election aſſured by the infallible Marks and Tokens thereof, ſet before me in the holy Scriptures. Bleſſed be thy holy Name for it. This Day thy Word hath dwelt with me richly in all Wiſdom: The Diſpenſer of thy Myſteries hath ſcatter'd many Doctrines, like ſo many Pearls among the People. Lord, grant that with *Mary* I may keep theſe and all thy Sayings in my Heart, and make uſe of them in my Life, and receive Comfort from them at my Death. And here I would proceed to entreat at thy Hands, the Continuance and Increaſe of thy ſpiritual and temporal Bleſſings upon me; but my Sins lie at the Door of my Conſcience and affright me. My Heart ſmites me for my Failings in the

Per-

Performance of the Duties of this Day. My devout Meditations have been ſtifled in the Womb that bare them; my Prayers have not been without Diſtractions, my hearing without Weariſomneſs, nor my Alms-deeds without grudgings. Pardon, dear Father, the Want of Preparation, before I come to thy Houſe of Intention and Zeal at thy Service, and of Meditation and Application of thoſe Things which I heard there, ſince I came thence. Bury, I beſeech thee, theſe Slips, and all my Sins, eſpecially of this Week and Day, in the Night of eternal Oblivion. Eaſe me of the Burden of them, that I may more ſecurely repoſe my Soul and Body upon thy gracious Protection, to take their natural refreſhing by Sleep; whereby I may be enabled and ſtrengthned to do thee better Service the next Day, in walking carefully, diligently, conſcionably, and conſtantly in the Ways of thy Commandments, and in the Duties of my Calling; ſo as may be to thy Honour and Glory, and my eternal Comfort, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. To whom be Honour and Glory World without End. *Amen.*

Our Father, &c.

A Prayer for Monday Morning.

MOST glorious Lord God, the great Creator and Preſerver of all Mankind, bleſſed be thy Name that thou haſt been graciouſly pleaſed to preſerve me the Night paſt, and that thou haſt once more vouchſafed me the Light of the Morning, whereby to manage my Affairs and Buſineſs: O Lord, preſerve me this Day, and keep me in all my Ways: give unto me the Repoſe of a quiet Conſcience, and the clear Light of the Goſpel, to guide my Feet in the Way of Peace; and grant that this Light may convince me of the Errors of my Underſtanding, the Depravedneſs of my Will, the diſorder of my Affections, the Impurity of my Thoughts, the Vanity of my Deſires, the Deceitfulneſs of my Heart, and the Wickedneſs thereof. Make me ſenſible, O Lord, what a wretched Creature I was in my Birth, Slime and Filthineſs; what I am in my Life, Vanity and folly; and what I ſhall be in my Death, ſtench and rottenneſs. Diſcover unto me, O Lord, that I have nothing which I have not received; that without Chriſt I can do nothing; that in me, that is, in my fleſh, dwelleth no good; that I am not able

able of my ſelf (as of my ſelf) to think a good Thought; that I cannot deſire to think, nor have Will to deſire, nor Grace to will any Good: O Lord, let me conſider, that my Comforts in this World are very few and ſmall; my Croſſes and Troubles many and great; my Pleaſures here are momentary and ſhort; my Pains hereafter (without my Repentance, and thy great Mercy) are permanent and everlaſting: My Gifts, O Lord, are very ſmall; my Wants and Infirmities are great; my Helps are weak; my Aſſaults and Temptations are ſtrong; my good Deeds are few, and they tainted with Imperfections, but my ill Deeds are infinite. Let theſe Conſiderations, O Lord, humble me in my ſelf, that Chriſt may raiſe me! and wound me in my ſelf, that Chriſt may heal me. And, O Lord, who this Day mad'ſt the Heavens or Air, without which I cannot breath naturally, no not for a Moment, infuſe into my Heart the Spirit of thy Grace, without which I cannot breath ſpiritually in my Prayers, nor ſigh, nor ſo much as move any Part or Faculty of my Soul or Body unto thee; and as oft as I take, or let out my Breath which I breathe, let me receive my Grace from thee, and breathe out Praiſe unto thee. Be my Guide, O Lord, this Day, and do thou keep me

both

both now and ever, *Amen. Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Monday Evening.

HOly, and Eternal Lord God, who art the King of Heaven, and the Watchman of *Iſrael*, who never ſlumbereſt nor ſleepeſt; look upon me thy unworthy Servant, who, by Reaſon of my Sin, and the Corruption of my Nature, am wholly ſubject to Sloth, and am even now ready to eaſe and reſt my ſelf upon my Bed: I know not whether thou wilt this very Night make my Bed in the dark, and the Hour of my Viſitation be this preſent Evening, all my Years are but a Span long, my Days paſs like a Weavers Shuttle, my Life ends like a Tale that is told: This Hour may be my laſt Hour; my next Sleep may be my laſt and long Sleep: I beſeech thee therefore, that I may every Evening ſeriouſly ponder and meditate on Heaven, that I may be the better prepared in that Day and Hour that thou ſhalt call me; and though my Eyes ſhall now ſleep, and enjoy that moderate Refreſhment which thou haſt appointed for the wearifome Condition of my weak Body; yet let my Soul continually watch unto thee to attend thy coming. Forgive me, O Lord, the Sins of this Day paſt, and all other my former Sins and Miſdemeanours;

ours; keep me this Night both in Body and Soul, that I may with the next Light joyfully riſe again. Let not my Sleep be unmeaſurable and exceſſive, to pleaſe the Eaſe of my Fleſh, but ſufficient and ſeaſonable, whereby I may be the better diſpoſed to thy Service to morrow, diligently and faithfully walking in my Calling, and repenting me of my Sins, with Fear to offend thee.

Let thy unſpeakable Mercy always preſerve me; let thine endleſs Sweetneſs rejoyce me, let thine heavenly Truth ſtrengthen me, let thy Knowledge imbolden me, and thy Goodneſs keep me from my Enemies, viſible and inviſible, now and for evermore. *Amen. Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Tueſday Morning.

O Eternal Lord God, thouc ommandeſt us always, at all Times, and in all Things, to call upon thee; Day by Day I come unto thee, begging Refreſhment from the overflowing Streams of thy Mercy: O Lord, open unto me the Gate of thy Favour, and let me be ſatisfied with the Fountain of thy Loving-kindneſs. O merciful Lord, who haſt ſaid, *as ſurely as I live, I deſire not the Death of a Sinner, but rather that he ſhould* con-

convert and amend and live; who haſt alſo ſaid, *Call upon me in the Day of Trouble, and I will deliver thee*; have Mercy upon me for Jeſus Chriſt's Sake, whom thou wouldeſt ſhould be a Peace-maker, to the End that thou mighteſt ſhew thine exceeding great Wrath againſt Sin, and thine ineſtimable Mercy towards Mankind; ſanctifie and illuminate my Heart with thy holy Spirit. O God, the Guide of my Life, forſake me not; turn from me the Filthineſs of the Fire; turn mine Eyes away from beholding Vanity, ſtrengthen me in thy Ways; and grant that mine Offences in this World overcome me not; and I beſeech thee, O Lord, with a moſt ardent affection, that this Day and ever thou wilt keep me, and all mine, and that thou wilt be unto me a mighty Protector, a Firmament of Strength, a Covering againſt Heat, a Shadow at Noon-tide, a Defence from falling, an Aſſiſter from offending, a Comforter of my Soul, an Enlightner of my Mind, a giver of Health and Happineſs in Chriſt Jeſus, my Lord and Saviour; to whom be all Glory, Honour, and Power, for ever. *Amen. Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Tueſday Evening.

MOſt mighty and moſt merciful Lord God, by whoſe Goodneſs I was created, by whoſe Juſtice I am puniſhed, and by whoſe Mercy I am ſaved; I caſt my ſelf down before thee, and lift up my Hands unto thee, at this preſent, as my Evening Sacrifice; but alas! my Conſcience accuſeth me, the ſecret Cogitations of my Heart reprove me, my Fear checketh me, the infinite Number of my Sins oppreſs me, yea, my Miſcarriages this Day witneſs againſt me, and exceedingly condemn me. O Lord, what am I, that thou ſhouldſt yet favour me, and ſhew thy ſelf ſo loving and bountiful a Father unto me? Why ſhould'ſt thou ſo nouriſh me, who am ſo unworthy a Wretch, with thy Mercy and Loving-kindneſs? I know that it is for his Sake in whom there is no Guile, and in whom there was found no Evil, that thou regardeſt me and embraceſt me; pardon, I beſeech thee, thro' Jeſus Chriſt, all my Sins, Faults, Vices, and Offences, and endue me with all holy Vertues; make me to live a godly Life, and to continue to the End in good Works; take away all Darkneſs from my Mind, that I may ſee thee by underſtanding thee,

thee, and love thee by knowing thee. And grant, O Lord, that I may ſo keep, and govern, and end my Life, that I may ſleep in Peace, and reſt in thee; and ſo into thy Hands I commend my ſelf, both Soul and Body, this Night and for ever. Hide me, I beſeech thee, under the Shadow of thy Wings, that I may reſt quietly, void of all Fear, ſpiritual Darkneſs, Danger, and Deſpair; comfort me in all thoſe Things wherein I have been any Way diſcouraged this Day; preſerve me to the End, that Sleep with Reſt, and Reſt with Quietneſs, and Quietneſs with Everlaſtingneſs, may receive me; that having run the Race of this Life, I may be made Partaker of a better, that ſo I may live and reign with thee for ever, through Jeſus Chriſt my Lord and only Saviour. *Amen. Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Wedneſday Morning.

HOly Lord God, the glorious Face of the Sun, which ſheweth it ſelf, and caſteth its Beams over the whole World, I take it for an Argument and Earneſt of thy good Will toward thy Children, in the Number of whom I account my ſelf, though the chief of Sinners, and not worthy to looſe the Latch of thy Shoes, for

if we enjoy ſuch Benefits in this ſtrange Country, together with thine Enemies, then what Joy and Glory, what excellent Goodneſs ſhall we be made Partakers of when we come to our heavenly Country, the bleſſed Land of *Canaan*, where we ſhall not ſee this earthly Sun, but thou, O Lord, who art the Sun of Righteouſneſs, wilt be continually before us. And now, O Lord, I praiſe thy bleſſed Name for preſerving me from the many Dangers of the Night paſt, and for bringing me ſafe to the beginning of this Day; as thou haſt now wakened my Body from Sleep, ſo I beſeech thee, awaken my Soul from Sin and carnal Security; and as thou haſt cauſed the Light of the Day to ſhine in my bodily Eyes; ſo, good Lord, cauſe the Light of thy Word and holy Spirit to illuminate my Heart, and give me Grace as a Child of Light, to walk in all holy Obedience before thy Face this Day; and grant me to endeavour to keep a good Conſcience towards thee and towards all Men, in all my Thoughts, Words, and Dealings; and to this End I commend my ſelf, and all my Ways and Actions, together with all that do belong to me, unto thy gracious Direction and Protection; beſeeching thee to keep both them and me from all Evil, and to give a Bleſſing to my honeſt Labours and Endeavours this Day

following and for evermore, *Amen. Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Wedneſday Evening.

O Moſt mighty Lord God, and moſt merciful and loving Father, in thy Son Jeſus Chriſt; I ſinful Creature am bold to return unto thee all poſſible Praiſe and Thanks for all thy great and manifold Favours, which thou in thy Mercy haſt from Time to Time vouchſafed unto me a ſinful Wretch, who am full of Sin and Iniquity. I beſeech thee favourably to hear my imperfect Prayers, and to grant my Requeſt and needful Suits which I make unto thee at this Time: Forgive me, I intreat thee, good Father, all the Sins that I have committed from Day to Day againſt thy divine Majeſty; and ſuffer me not, O Lord, to offend thee any more hereafter, that neither Sin nor Satan, nor any unruly Paſſions, may have Dominion, nor reign any longer in my mortal Body; for I confeſs I have herein done wickedly, and have broken all thy Commandments, for which thou mighteſt in thy ſecret Juſtice puniſh me both in Soul and Body, to eternal Death. Beſides thoſe Sins which I have this Day committed, forgive me, O Lord, all my Sins paſt: and bleſſed be thy Name, that thou haſt kept me this Day in my

my going out, and in my returning home. O Lord, watch over me this Night, and be thou my Defence and Protection from all Dangers, Caſualties and Troubles; grant that I be not overcome with any Fantaſies and Dreams, or other Temptations, but that I may fully ſet my Mind upon thee, love thee, fear thee, and reſt in thee: And thou, O Lord, waken me again in due Time, that I may behold the Light of the next Day to my Comfort; ſtill preparing my Heart and Mind to thy Service every Day, and my whole Life-time in Truth and Sincerity, that when I have run the ſhort Race of this mortal Life, thou may'ſt be pleaſed to call me to be Partaker of a better: and ſo I may live and die, and ever remain with thee, in thy heavenly Kingdom, through Jeſus Chriſt our only Lord and Saviour; in whoſe Name I beg all theſe Graces in that ſhort and abſolute Form of Prayer, which he hath taught us: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Thurſday Morning.

BLeſſed and glorious Lord God, thy Mercies are infinite, and thy Long-ſuffering and Patience is exceeding great, elſe had not I, a poor wretched miſerable Sinner, been ſpared ſo long, conſidering my many Provocations againſt thee, in

Thought, Word, and Deed; but thou haſt exalted thy Mercy above all thy Works, and of thine infinite Goodneſs haſt preſerved me this Night, and haſt given me the Light of this Day: Lead me, I beſeech thee, O Lord, and guide me this Day in the Way of all Truth and Righteouſneſs, and ſo govern all my Actions, that I may not run into any Sin, or any kind of Danger; but that all my Actions may tend to thy Glory, and the Diſcharge of my Duty, in my Life and Converſation; defend and deliver me alſo from all Temptations and Afflictions in this ſinful World, and from all mine Enemies, and from all the Deceits and Dangers of Satan, the deadly Enemy of Mankind, kindle in my Heart and Affections a fervent Zeal to do thy Will; and let me embrace thy holy Word, and walk in thy Ways; ſtrengthen me with thy holy Spirit, boldly and conſtantly to profeſs the Honour and Service of thy great Name. O Lord, ſtrengthen my weak Faith; kindle it more and more in Fervency and Love toward thee, and in all Chriſtian Love towards my Neighbour. Give me a contented Mind with my Eſtate, and all other Bleſſings which thou, O Lord God, of thy bountiful Goodneſs in Mercy haſt beſtowed upon me, that I may uſe them ſoberly and diſcreetly, and be truly thankful to thee for them; keep my wandring

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Will and Affections from all evil Thoughts, my Tongue from profane and lewd Speeches, my Body and every Part thereof, from all ſinful Actions and outward Violence; let all my Love, my Hope, my Delight, and Confidence, be only upon thee. And grant that I may lead my whole Life and Converſation ſo, that I may live in the Fear of thy holy and bleſſed Name, and may die in thy Favour; that I may alſo riſe again to live for ever and ever with my Lord Jeſus. In whoſe Name and Words, I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Thurſday Evening.

O Heavenly Father, the giver of all good Things, and the Protector of all thoſe that love thee; I yield thee moſt humble and hearty Thanks, not only for keeping and preſerving me this Day, but alſo all my Life, that neither my Enemies have prevail'd againſt me as they might, or any other Danger which in this World is incident to Mankind, hath overcome me; but that thou, as a loving Father, and careful Purveyor, haſt given unto me, and provided for me all Things neceſſary, for which thine ineſtimable Love, I cannot ſufficiently praiſe thee; O Lord, forgive me mine Offences which this Day I have committed and done againſt thy moſt ho-

ly Majeſty: Pardon them, O God, for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake; and vouchſafe me thy Grace to amend my Life, and to return unfeignedly unto thee in ſerving of thee: And ſince I cannot have a being without thy continual Protection; be pleaſed to extend the ſame toward me (a wretched poor Creature) this Night, that I may quietly take my Reſt, which thou haſt appointed for the refreſhing of my weak and wearied Body. I beſeech thee, O Lord, to guard and defend me, that nothing hurt me; preſerve me by the watching of thy holy Angel, that I may take my Reſt with thee until the Morning; and that I may then give my ſelf to the fulfilling of my Duty, and the diſcharge of my Calling, and the doing of thy Will unto my Lives End. Hear me, I beſeech thee, for theſe Things, and for all Things neceſſary for me, and for all others, whom thou haſt commanded me to pray for, even for all ſuch as are in any kind of Affliction in Body or Mind. O Lord, ſtrengthen them, and bleſs them and me, and keep me and mine this Night and for evermore. All theſe Petitions, I humbly beg of thy Majeſty, in and through thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, in whoſe bleſſed Name and Words, I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Friday Morning.

HOly and moſt gracious Lord God, who art full of Loving-kindneſs and Mercy, and art a continual Defence to all that truſt in thee, whether they wake or ſleep, I a poor and unworthy Sinner render unto thee humble and hearty Thanks, that it hath pleaſed thy great Goodneſs to keep and preſerve me this Night paſt, as well from all my Enemies, as from all other Caſualties and Dangers that poor mortal Creatures are ſubject unto, and that thou haſt given me ſweet and pleaſant Sleep, that I find my Body refreſhed and comforted for performing the Duties of this Day. O Lord, I beſeech thee, ſhew thy Goodneſs to me this Day, in preſerving my Body and Soul, that no Evil may overtake me, and that I may neither ſpeak nor do any Thing that may be diſpleaſing to thy fatherly Goodneſs, nor dangerous to my Soul, nor hurtful to my Neighbour; but that all my Enterpizes may be agreeable to thy moſt bleſſed Will, by doing always that which may advance thy Glory, and be ſuitable to my Calling, that whenſoever thou ſhalt be pleaſed to call me from this Vale of Miſery, I may be found a Child of Light, and not of Darkneſs,

and ſo may for ever reign with thee in Glory, who art the true and everlaſting Light, whoſe Kingdom is an everlaſting Kingdom, whoſe Joys and Glories are ſuch as Eye hath not ſeen, neither hath Ear heard, nor hath it entred into the Heart of Man to conceive what it is. To this bleſſed Place, O Lord, do thou at laſt bring me, through Jeſus Chriſt; to whom with thee, and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Honour, Glory, Power, and Praiſe, for ever, and for evermore. *Amen. Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Friday Evening.

GRacious Lord, and heavenly Father, I cannot ceaſe but I muſt cry unto thee for Mercy, becauſe my Sins cry againſt me for Juſtice. How ſhall I addreſs my ſelf unto thee, but with the Publican, I muſt ſtand and admire thy Goodneſs toward me, conſider thy tender Mercy and long Patience toward me, in that thou haſt kept me this Day paſt, from being conſumed and brought to nought. For, Lord, what is Man, or the Son of Man, that thou regardeſt him? For the more Days paſs over my Head, the more Sins and Iniquities I heap up againſt thee: If I ſhould caſt up the Accounts of my good Deeds this Day, O Lord,

Lord, how few and how ſmall would they be; but if I ſhould reckon up my Miſcarriages this Day, ſurely they would amount to many and great. O bleſſed Father, let thy Son's Blood waſh me and cleanſe me from all my Impurities, and from all the Stains of Sin that are upon me; give me Grace to lay faſt hold upon his Merits, that it may be my Reconciliation and Attonement unto thee; that I may aſſure my ſelf, that my Sins are forgiven by his Death and Paſſion. And now, O Lord, I beſeech thee to embrace me in the Arms of thy Mercy; vouchſafe to receive me into the Boſom of thy Love; ſhadow me with thy Wings, that I may ſafely take my Reſt in thee this Night, in the Name of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt; in whom I refer my Self wholly to thy Protection, beſeeching thee that when this Life ſhall end, my laſt ſleep being come, I may take my everlaſting Reſt with thee in thy Heavenly Kingdom, for the Glory of thy Holy Name, to my eternal Comfort; through the Merits of thy dearly beloved Son, my Lord and only Saviour; in whoſe perfect Form of Prayer, I conclude my imperfect Petitions, ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Saturday Morning.

O Merciful Father, for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake, I beſeech thee forgive me all my known and ſecret Sins, which in Thought, Word, or Deed, I have committed againſt thy divine Majeſty, and deliver me from all thoſe Judgments which are due unto me for them, and ſanctifie my Heart with thy holy Spirit, that I may henceforth lead a more godly and religious Life. And here, O Lord, I praiſe thy holy Name, for that thou haſt refreſhed me this Night with moderate Sleep and Reſt: And I beſeech thee to defend me this Day from all Perils and Dangers of Body and Soul; and to this End I commend my ſelf, and all my Actions, unto thy bleſſed Protection and Government; beſeeching thee, that whether I live or die, I may live and die to thy Glory, and the Salvation of my poor Soul, which thou haſt bought with thy precious Blood. Bleſs me, O Lord, in my going out, and coming in; and grant that whatſoever I ſhall think, ſpeak, or take in Hand this Day, may tend to the Glory of thy Name, the Good of others, and the Comfort of my own Conſcience, when I ſhall come to make up my laſt Accounts before thee. O my God, help thy

thy Servant, that I do no Evil to any Man this Day; and let it be thy bleſſed Will not to ſuffer the Devil, or any of his wicked Angels, nor any of his evil Members, to have Power to do me any hurt or violence: But let the Eye of thy holy Providence watch over me for good, and not for evil, and command thy holy Angels to pitch their Tents round about me for my Defence and Safety, in my going out and coming in, as thou haſt promiſed they ſhall do about them that fear thy Name. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jeſus Chriſt thy Son's Sake, in whoſe bleſſed Name I give thee Glory, and beg at thy Hands all other Graces which thou ſeeſt to be needful for me this Day and ever, in that Prayer which Chriſt himſelf hath taught me, ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for Saturday Evening.

O Moſt gracious God and loving Father, who art about my Bed, and knoweſt my down-lying and my up-riſing, and art near unto all that call upon thee in Truth and Sincerity; I wretched Sinner do beſeech thee to look upon me with the Eyes of thy Mercy: Father, I beſeech thee, let thy holy Spirit work in me ſuch a ſerious Repentance, as that I may with Tears lament my Sin paſt, with Grief of Heart,

Heart, be humbled for Sins preſent, and with all my Endeavours reſiſt the ſame Sins for the Time to come. And now, O Lord, I bleſs thee for my Health, Food, Raiment, and Proſperity, and more eſpecially, that thou haſt defended me this Day now paſt, from all Dangers and Perils both of Body and Soul, furniſhing me with all neceſſary good Things that I ſtand in need of; and as thou haſt ordained the Day for Man to travel in, and the Night for him to take his Reſt, ſo I beſeech thee ſanctifie unto me this Nights Reſt and Sleep, that I may enjoy the ſame as thy ſweet Bleſſing and Benefit, that ſo this dull and wearied Body of mine, being refreſhed with moderate Sleep and Reſt, I may be the better enabled to walk before thee, doing all ſuch good Works as thou haſt appointed, when it pleaſes thee of thy divine Goodneſs to awaken me the next Morning. More eſpecially, I beſeech thee, to prepare me for thy Service to Morrow; it is thine holy Day, O Lord, prepare me for the ſanctifying of the ſame, that I may not ſpend it in my own Luſt and Pleaſures; but that my chief Delight may be to conſecrate it to thy Glory and Honour; and that ceaſing from the Works of Sin, as well as from the Works of my ordinary Calling, I may thro' thy Bleſſing, feel in my Heart, the Beginning of that eternal Sabbath,

bath, which in unſpeakable Joy and Glory, I ſhall celebrate with Saints and Angels, to thy Praiſe and Glory, in thy heavenly Kingdom for ævermore.

Keep my Heart, O Lord, in thy Fear; and guide all the Courſe of my Life by thy Favour, and prepare me againſt the Hour of Death and Diſſolution, that if thou ſhouldſt this Night make my Bed in the dark, and turn my Sleep into Death, I may live and die unto thee, who liveſt everlaſting: Theſe Graces, and all other Bleſſings, which thou, O Father, knoweſt to be requiſite and neceſſary for me, I humbly beg and crave at thy Hands in the Name and Mediation of Jeſus Chriſt thy Son, in that Form of Prayer which he himſelf hath taught me, ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

Family Devotions: Or, a Collection of Morning and Evening-Prayers for Families, for every Day in the Week.

But as for me and my Houſe, we will ſerve the Lord, Joſh. 25. 15.

A Prayer for a Family for Sunday Morning.

LOrd, teach us to pray, that we may call upon thy Name: Prepare our Hearts to ſeek, and open thou thy Ears mercifully to hear us. O eternal and ever-living Lord God, Creator and continual Preſerver of all Things both in Heaven and in Earth, by whoſe gracious Providence, as we were at firſt wonderfully and fearfully made, ſo we are no leſs preſerved and kept unto this preſent. We the Workmanſhip of thine own Hands, deſire to humble both Soul and Body before thee. And now, O Lord, we being here in thy Preſence, cannot but acknowledge and confeſs againſt our ſelves, our

own unworthineſs to come before thee, to call upon thee, or to perform even the leaſt Duty that ſhall concern thy Worſhip, and Glory. Our Hearts, alas, are no better than the Sink of Sin, and a Maſs of Pollution and Uncleanneſs. Wherefore, O dear God, moſt meek and merciful Father, we poor Wretches heartily beſeech thee to be gracious unto us, for Jeſus Chriſt thy Son's Sake, for his Deaths Sake, for thy Promiſe, Truth and Mercies Sake, have Mercy upon us; pardon us, and forgive us all our Sins, Iniquities, and Treſpaſſes, whatſoever we have committed againſt thee, in Thought, Word or Deed, ever, or at any Time hitherto, by any Means. Dear Father, have Mercy upon us; though we be poor, yet our Chriſt is rich; though we be Sinners, he is righteous; though we be impure, yet he is pure and holy; for his Sake therefore, O Lord, have Mercy upon us, and write thy Law in our Hearts, engrave it in our Minds, we heartily beſeech thee; and let us this Morning of thy holy Day, wholly turn unto thee, with all our Hearts, Minds, Thoughts, Deeds, and Meditations, that we may join in Praiſes to thy holy Name, for the Preſervation of us the Night paſt, and refreſhing us with ſweet Sleep; and let us declare thy Loving-kindneſs in the Morning, on thy holy and bleſſed Sabbath

bath Day; for it is thy Will and Commandment that we ſhould ſanctify this thy Day unto thy Service, and in Praiſe unto thee; and offer up unto thee a Morning Sacrifice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, and to hear what thy Spirit, by the preaching of thy Word, ſhall ſpeak unto us, thy Servants: O let not our Sins ſtand as a Cloud to ſtop our Prayers from aſcending up unto thee, or to keep back thy Grace from deſcending by thy Word into our Hearts, that we may ceaſe from the Works of Sin, as well as from the Works of our ordinary Calling; and that we may feel in our Hearts the Beginning of that eternal Sabbath, which brings unſpeakable Joy and Glory, and filling us with the Spirit of Prayer, make us diligent and ready in the Performance of thy Will; and take us, O Lord, into thy Cuſtody and Governance for ever, both our Souls and Bodies; yea, our Lives, and all that ever we have, ſo that our Lives may pleaſe thee, and our Deaths may praiſe thee, thro' Jeſus Chriſt our Lord; for whoſe Sake we heartily pray thee to grant theſe Things thus asked, and all other Things neceſſary for Soul and Body, and that not only for us, but to all others alſo, for whom thou would'ſt we ſhould pray. Grant unto us all true and hearty Repentance, that we may turn from our evil

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Ways, that thou may'ſt turn from us the Evils that we have ſo highly deſerved.

And with us, O Lord, bleſs thy whole Church, eſpecially that Part of it in theſe Kingdoms: Be gracious to thy Servant and our Sovereign Lord King *George*, bleſs him in his Government, with all the Royal Family; bleſs the Nobility, Clergy, Magiſtracy, Gentry, and the whole People of this Land; be merciful to all our Kinsfolk and Families, Neighbours, and to all ſuch as are any other Way related to us; and we beſeech thee to grant to us all thy Bleſſings, and thy holy Spirit to ſanctifie us, and to keep us this Day and for evermore from all Evil, to thy eternal Glory, and our everlaſting Comfort, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord and only Saviour, in whoſe bleſſed Name and Words we further pray, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Sunday Evening.

O Eternal God, our moſt loving and merciful Father in Jeſus Chriſt, it is thy own Commandment that we ſhould call upon thy Name; and it is thy gracious and merciful Promiſe, that where two or three are gathered together in thy Name, there thou wilt be preſent among them;

them; we thy poor and unworthy Servants Duſt and Aſhes, yet the Workmanſhip of thine own Hand, are more bold to come before thee, to offer unto thee this Evening Sacrifice of Prayer and Thankſgiving; O Lord, we beſeech thee, to ſanctify unto us thy Word which we have heard and read this Day; make it the Seed of Life unto our Souls, that it may ſanctifie, grow, and increaſe, and get ſuch Strength by thy good Providence, that neither the burning Heat, or Affliction, or Perſecution, cauſe it to wither; but that as Seed ſown in good Ground, it may bring forth thirty, ſixty, and an hundred Fold, as thy heavenly Wiſdom has appointed. And now, O Lord, being here before thee; we cannot but acknowledge and confeſs, even from the bottom of our Hearts, againſt our ſelves, our own Unworthineſs, that we are grievous Sinners, conceived in Sin, and born in Iniquity; whereof we have brought forth moſt vile Fruits in our Lives, to the great Diſhonour of thy Name, to the utter diſmaying of our own Conſciences, and the evil Example of our Brethren; by which we have deſerved likewiſe thy Wrath and heavy Indignation to be poured upon us both in this Life, and that which is to come, in ſuch Sort, that no Creature in Heaven or Earth, is able to reconcile us

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again to thy Majeſty, but only thy Son Jeſus Chriſt; we entreat thee therefore, O Lord, to be merciful unto us; and as we acknowledge our Sins unto thee, ſo be thou faithful and juſt to forgive us our Sins, and to cleanſe us from all Unrighteouſneſs; waſh us thorowly from our Wickedneſs, and cleanſe us from our Sins; for we acknowledge, O Lord, againſt thee we have ſinned, and done Evil in thy Sight: To thee, therefore, O Lord, do we come to crave the Pardon of our Sins, both for Guilt and Puniſhment of the ſame, that ſo they may not draw down upon us our deſerved Judgment; and now, good Lord, we pray thee accept of our Thankſgiving unto thy Majeſty, for all thy Mercies and Bleſſings from Time to Time beſtowed upon us, for this Life, and for a better; we praiſe thee for our Election, Vocation, Juſtification, Sanctification, and continual Preſervation, and the Aſſurance thou haſt given us of a better Life when this is ended; as alſo for all temporal Bleſſings, Health, Peace, and Proſperity; for thy Goodneſs extended towards us for this Day paſt, that thou haſt gone in and out before us, and freed us from many Dangers both of Soul and Body; and haſt brought us with Peace and Comfort to the Beginning of this Night: Lord, watch over us by thy Spirit

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and Preſence; give us an holy and ſanctified Uſe of our Reſt and Sleep, and fit us for the Duties of the next Day; eſpecially, O Lord, fit us for that Day which ſhall never give Place to Night. And grant unto us all good Things, that thou in thy Wiſdom knoweſt more expedient to give, than we to ask: And all we beg for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake, in whoſe Name and Words, we conclude theſe our imperfect Prayers, ſaying as he hath taught us, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Munday Morning

MOST merciful and gracious Lord God, we do not preſent our ſelves here before thy Majeſty, truſting in our own Merits or Worthineſs, but in thy manifold Mercies; who hath promiſed to hear our Prayers, and grant our Requeſts, which we ſhall make unto thee, in the Name of thy dear Son Jeſus Chriſt our Lord; who hath alſo commanded us, to aſſemble our ſelves together in his Name, with full Aſſurance, that he will not only be amongſt us, but alſo be our Mediator and Advocate toward thy Majeſty, that we may obtain all Things which ſhall ſeem expedient to thy bleſſed Will for

for our Neceſſities: Therefore we beſeech thee (moſt merciful Father) to turn thy loving Countenance towards us, and impute not unto us our manifold Sins and Offences, whereby we juſtly deſerve thy Wrath, and ſharp Puniſhment: But rather receive us to thy Mercy, for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake; accepting his Death and Paſſion as a juſt Recompence for all our grievous Offences, in whom thou art only pleaſed, and through whom thou canſt not be offended with us. And ſeeing that of thy great Mercy, we have quietly paſſed this Night, grant, O heavenly Father, that we may beſtow this Day wholly in thy Service; ſo that all our Thoughts, Words, and Deeds, may redound to the Glory of thy Name, and good Examples to all Men, who ſeeing our good Works, may glorifie thee our heavenly Father. And becauſe thou haſt commanded us to pray one for another, we do not only make Requeſt, O Lord, for our ſelves, and them that thou haſt already called, for the true underſtanding of thine heavenly Will; but for all People and Nations of the World, who as they know by thy wonderful Works, that thou art God over all, ſo they may be inſtructed by thine own Spirit, to believe in their only Saviour and Redeemer: And the Lord be merciful unto us, and let not our Sins and

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Wickedneſs be a Hindrance to thy Mercy. We are now come before thee to bewail our Sins and Miſcarriages, heartily deſiring thee to chuſe us to turn unto thee, to ſeek and love thee, that our Hearts may cleave faſt unto thee, diligently following thee all the Reſidue of our Days; and that thou wilt be pleaſed to guide us with thy holy Spirit, that we may make Conſcience of all that we do, never accounting any Sin little, becauſe thy Son died for the leaſt. Remove from our Minds all Ignorance and Blindneſs, making thy Word unto us as a Lanthorn unto our Feet, to guide our Paths, that we may find Chriſt our Saviour and Redeemer; and by this Rule be ſo directed, that all Ignorance in the Myſteries of our Calling be done away, and that we may learn thereby how to live: And further, good Lord, ſettle every one of us in ſuch a conſtant Courſe of Obedience to thee, that we may ſerve thee as thy own Children ought to ſerve thee, and not as the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, will have us: Suffer us not, O Lord, to ſet our Hearts upon Things below, but having Food and Raiment, let us be therewith content; and be thankful unto thy heavenly Majeſty, that thou, O Lord our God, may'ſt proſper all our Labours and handy Works. Theſe and all other Bleſſings we beg of thee in the

the Name of Jeſus Chriſt our bleſſed Lord and Saviour; in whoſe bleſſed Name and Words we further pray, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Monday Evening.

O Lord God Almighty, and our heavenly Father, who art everlaſting and full of Pity; we acknowledge and confeſs, that we are not worthy to lift up our Eyes unto Heaven, much leſs to preſent our ſelves before thy Majeſty, with Confidence that thou wilt hear our Prayers and grant our Requeſts, if we conſider our own Deſervings; for our Conſciences accuſe us, and our Sins do witneſs againſt us: We know that thou art an upright Judge, which doth not juſtifie Sinners and wicked Men, but puniſheth the Faults of all ſuch as break thy Commandments; yet moſt merciful Father, ſince it hath pleaſed thee to command us to call on thee in all our Troubles and Adverſities, promiſing even then to help us, when we feel our ſelves as it were ſwallowed up of Death and Deſperation; we utterly renounce all worldly Confidence, and fly to thy Sovereign Bounty, as our only Stay and Refuge; beſeeching thee not to call to Remembrance our manifold Sins and Wic-

Wickedneſs, whereby we have continually provoked thy Wrath and Indignation againſt us. Neither do thou lay to our Charge our Negligence nor our Unthankfulneſs, that we have not worthily eſteemed, nor in our Lives ſufficiently expreſt the ſweet Comfort of the Goſpel revealed unto us: But do thou rather except the Obedience of the Death of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, who by offering up himſelf a Sacrifice once for all, hath made a ſufficient Recompence for all our Sins. Have Mercy therefore upon us, O Lord, and forgive us our Offences. Teach us by thine holy Spirit, that we may rightly weigh them, and earneſtly repent for the ſame; and ſo much the rather, O Lord, becauſe the Reprobate, and ſuch as thou haſt forſaken, cannot praiſe thee, nor call upon thy Name: But the repenting Heart, the ſorrowful Mind, the Conſcience oppreſſed, hungring and thirſting for thy Grace, ſhall never ſet forth thy Praiſe and Glory. And now, O Lord, though we are but Duſt and Worms, yet thou art our Creator, and we are the Work of thine Hands; yea thou art our Father, and we are thy Children; thou art our Shepherd, and we are thy Flock; thou art our Redeemer, and we are thy People, whom thou haſt bought; thou art our God, and we are thine Inheritance.

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Correct us not therefore in thine Anger, O Lord, neither according to our Deſerts puniſh us, but mercifully chaſtiſe us with a fatherly Affection, that all the World may know, that if any Sinner repent him of his Sins from the Bottom of his Heart, thou wilt put away his Wickedneſs out of Remembrance, as thou haſt promiſed by thy holy Prophets. And for as much as it hath pleas'd thee to make the Night fit for Man to reſt in, as thou haſt ordained him the Day to travel in, grant, dear Father, that we may ſo take our bodily Reſt, that our Souls may continually watch for the Time that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt ſhall appear for our Deliverance out of this mortal Life; and grant that we be not overcome this Night by any Fancies, Dreams, or other Temptations; but that we may fully ſet our Minds upon thee, love thee, fear thee, and reſt in thee; and let not our Sleep be exceſſive or over-much, after the inſatiable Deſires of our Fleſh, but only ſufficient to content our weak Nature, that we may be the better diſpoſed to live in all godly Converſation, to the Glory of thy holy Name, and the Profit of our Brethren, thro' Jeſus Chriſt our Lord; in whoſe Name we pray as he hath taught us, ſaying,

Our Father, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Tueſday Morning.

MOſt mighty, and moſt glorious Lord God, who art of infinite Mercy, who ſitteſt upon the Throne above; Heaven and Earth are full of thy Glory; we that are but Duſt and Aſhes, unprofitable Servants, preſume to preſent our ſelves before thee this Morning, and beg ſuch Things as we have need of from thy Divine Majeſty: We have taſted of thy Favours this Night paſt and for ever, ſince we awakened we have taſted of thy Goodneſs. Thou thoughteſt of ſaving us before we began to ſerve thee; thou hadſt an Eye upon us when we were yet unborn; and notwithſtanding our Unworthineſs, thou ſtill receiveſt us; thou giveſt us our daily Bread and hourly Breath; thou continueſt, and we hope wilt comfort us in Death, and wilt crown us with Life in the World to come. Why ſhould'ſt thou be ſo careful of us, ſince we are ſo careleſs of thee? Surely, O Lord, in that thou affordeſt us Health to our Bodies, Liberty to our Perſons, Proſperity to the Family in which we live; we can give no Reaſon, but becauſe thou art merciful. The Heavens are within a Span, the Earth within a Circle, the Waters within thy Fiſt,

Fiſt, Mountains upon the Ballance; but what Number, or Meaſure, or Bounds, can we ſet to thy Mercy, O God! O let the Ocean of this thy Mercy, be a Partition between us and our Sins, betwixt thee and thy Judgments! Who can bring a clean Thing out of an unclean, but thou alone, who juſtifieſt the Ungodly, and quickneſt the Dead in Sin? Remove therefore from us, O Lord, whatſoever there is in us that diſpleaſeth thee, for thine Eyes do behold our manifold Imperfections; ſend thy Hand of Mercy, we pray thee, upon us, and take away from us whatſoever there is within us, which doth offend the Eyes of thy Goodneſs. And as thou haſt in great Mercy kept us this Night paſt, from all Perils and Dangers of the ſame; ſo we beſeech thee, keep us this Day, that the Son of Righteouſneſs may rule in our Hearts, and that all the Darkneſs that lurketh in them may be ſcattered, to the Comfort of our Souls; and that we may walk in the Light, as thy Children, without Danger of ſtumbling. Proſper, O Lord, our Labours, and the Works of our Hands; and grant that we may grow in Grace all our Days, until we come to live and reign with thee in thy heavenly Kingdom. And together with us, bleſs, O Lord, thy Church univerſal, comfort all that mourn in *Sion*, give them Beauty for Aſhes, and

the Oil of Gladneſs for the Spirit of Mourning and Heavineſs. Bleſs our gracious King, defend his Perſon, uphold his Crown, maintain his Government, and bleſs all the Royal Family; bleſs the Nobilty, Magiſtrates, Biſhops, and Miniſters; and let thy Bleſſing be upon all of us in this Houſhold; guide us in our Ways, and lead us into thy Truth. Bleſs all our Friends and Kindred, all that are in any Affliction or Tribulation: And do for them and us, whatſoever thou knoweſt neceſſary for us, for the Sake of Jeſus Chriſt, our only Saviour and Redeemer, in whoſe Name and Words we beſeech, thee, ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family, for Tueſday Evening.

HOLY and glorious Lord God, what ſhall we render unto thee for all thy Benefits? Becauſe thou haſt inclined thine Ear unto us, therefore will we call upon thee as long as we live; from the riſing of the Sun to the going down of the ſame, let thy Name be praiſed amongſt the infinite Riches of thy Mercies towards us. We render thee again Abundance of Praiſe and Thanks for thy merciful Preſervation of us this Day, as well as all the Times and Days of our Lives, that thou haſt

haſt beſtowed upon us ſo many excellent Bleſſings and Mercies, both ſpiritual and corporal, contrary to our Deſerving: All theſe thy Mercies call upon us, that we ſhould be thankful to thee for them; and all our Mercies call upon us, that we ſhould call upon thee for the Continuance of thy Mercies; cleanſe our Souls therefore, we beſeech thee, O Lord, from whatſoever is offenſive to thee and hurtful to us; and give us what is neceſſary for us. And now, O Lord, watch over us this Night, give us comfortable and ſweet Sleep, fit us for all Services of the Day following; make our Souls to watch for the Coming of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt: Let our Beds put us in Mind of our Graves; and our Riſing from thence, of our laſt Reſurrection; ſo that whether we wake, or ſleep, we being thine, may wait for thee: O Heavenly Father, grant that theſe Hearts of ours, may ever delight to live according to thy Will and Ordinance, in Holineſs and Righteouſneſs before thee, all the Days of our Lives. O Lord, let us conſider the Time will come, when the Trumpet ſhall and will ſound: The Dead ſhall riſe, and we, even we, and all and every one of us ſhall aſſuredly ſtand before thy Judgment-ſeat, with open and unfolded Conſciences, there to give an Account of all our Deeds whatſoever; at

which Time, all ſuch as have believed in Chriſt, and truly ſerved thee in this Life, ſhall, to their endleſs and unſpeakable Joy, hear that comfortable Saying of thine, *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, receive the Kingdom prepared for you, before the Beginning of the World:* But woe to all that live wicked and ſinful Lives in that Day; they ſhall drink of the Wine of the Wrath of God, and ſhall be tormented in Fire and Brimſtone for evermore. O dear God and gracious Father, keep us from this Condition, and knit our Hearts faſt unto thee, and cauſe us now, while we have Time, with the Help of thy Grace, not only to think rightly of theſe Things, but ſo to walk before thee in this preſent Life, as becometh thy People and Children: O continue the Word of Truth evermore amongſt us, to comfort us; and let the Seed thereof take ſuch faſt Root in our Hearts, that it may fructifie and bring forth Fruit, to thy Glory, and our own Good and Comfort, that we may be the more enabled thereby to walk in thy Fear, in the Midſt of a wicked and perverſe Generation. Shower down thy Bleſſings upon the Head and Heart of our gracious King, and ūpon all the Royal Family; bleſs, O Lord, the Miniſters, Judges, and Magiſtrates of this Land, bleſs all the People, of all Degrees and Kinds; let thy

Bleſſings

Bleſſings be upon our Relations, Kindred and Friends; and upon all others whom we are bound to pray for, in any Affliction, Pain, Trouble, Sickneſs, or any other Diſtemper whatſoever: bleſs them all, and bleſs us and ours; and do more for us than we can expreſs unto thee; and all we beg in the Name and Words of our bleſſed Saviour and Redeemer, ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Wedneſday Morning.

MOST gracious Lord God, and holy Father, thine Eyes are more pure than the Sun, and cannot behold any Thing that is unclean; the Cherubims and Seraphims cover their Faces before thy glorious Majeſty; the Heaven of Heavens are not clean in thy Sight. How then ſhall Earth, ſinful Earth, Duſt and Aſhes, appear before thee? We preſume not, O Lord, to come before thy Tribunal, to plead for our Righteouſneſs, for all our Righteouſneſs is as filthy Rags; but we proſtrate our ſelves with all Humility of Body and Soul at thy Mercy-Seat, to make Confeſſion of our Sins: Hear, Lord, and have Mercy upon us, and as thou haſt redeemed us by thy Son, ſo we be-

ſeech thee to ſanctifie us by thy holy Spirit: Mortifie in us every Day more and more all ſinful Luſts and Affections, and quicken us in all ſaving Graces and Virtues; increaſe our Faith, confirm our Hope, inflame our Charity, teach us to imitate the Life of Chriſt, the true Pattern of perfect Obedience, and only true Rule of a good Life; teach us Humility, Patience, Meekneſs, Gentleneſs, Chaſtity, Temperance; teach us to condemn earthly Things, to deny our ſelves to overcome the World. Grant us Conſolation in Adverſity, and true Tranquillity of Mind; grant us Victory in Temptations, and Deliverance from the Devil's Treacheries: Grant us in thine appointed Time, a bleſſed Departure out of this Life, and a bleſſed Reſurrection unto the Life everlaſting; and we pray not for our ſelves alone, but in Obedience to thy Command, we make our Supplication unto thee for all Men: Save and defend thy univerſal Church, enlarge thou her Borders, propagate thy Kingdom: Bleſs thy Servant *GEORGE*, our moſt gracious *KING*, and the reſt of the Royal Family. Bleſs, we beſeech thee, the Lords of his Majeſty's moſt honourable Privy-Council, the Nobles, Judges, Miniſters, and Magiſtrates of this Realm. Be thou a Father to the Fatherleſs, a Comforter to the Comfortleſs, a

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Deliverer to the Captives, and a Phyſician to the Sick; grant that the Sickneſs of their Bodies may be for the Good of their Souls; Hear us likewiſe, O Lord, for the Sake of Chriſt, and accept our Thankſgiving; we thank thee for preſerving us ever ſince we were born, and for defending us this Night from all Perils and Dangers; for the quiet Reſt wherewith thou haſt refreſhed our Bodies; for thy Mercy renewed unto us this Morning; let thy Mercy be continued unto us this Day; let thy Spirit direct us in all our Ways, that we may walk before thee as Children of the Light, doing thoſe Things that are pleaſing in thy Sight; let the Dew of thy Bleſſing deſcend upon our Labours, for without thy Bleſſing all our Labour is in vain, proſper thou the Works of our Hands upon us, and grant that we may ſo conſcionably ſeek after Things temporal in our Callings, that we do not finally loſe the Things which are eternal; we are unworthy, O Lord, we confeſs, to obtain any Thing at thy Hand, either for our ſelves or any other, even for the Sinfulneſs of theſe our Prayers; but ſince thou haſt promiſed to hear all thoſe that call upon thee in thy Son's Name; make good, we beſeech thee, thy Promiſe unto us, now calling upon thee in thy Son's

Name, and praying as he hath taught us in his holy Goſpel:

Our Father, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Wedneſday Evening.

MOſt gracious Lord God, whoſe Dwelling is in the higheſt Heavens, and yet beholdeſt the Lowly and the Humble upon Earth; we bluſh and are aſhamed to lift up our Eyes unto Heaven, becauſe we have ſinned againſt thee, which dwelleſt in the Heavens: But look down we beſeech thee from Heaven thy Dwelling-place, and behold the Humility of thy Servants here on Earth, which proſtrate themſelves at the Foot-ſtool of thy Mercy, confeſſing their own Guiltineſs, and begging Pardon for our Sins: We confeſs, O Almighty Creator, that thou mad'ſt us at the firſt after thine own Image, thou cloathed'ſt us with Innocency, as with a Garment: Thou ſeated'ſt us in Paradice, a Place of all Delight and Pleaſure, but we have defaced thine Image, we have caſt off our firſt Covering, we have thruſt our ſelves out of that pleaſant Place, we ran away from thee, and were not obedient to thy Voice. And now do we ſtill ſhut our Eyes, O Lord, that

that we might not ſee; and we have refuſed to be ruled by thy Law. The Law of Sin in our Fleſh doth daily captivate us, the Root of Sin which lyeth hidden in us, doth every Day put forth new Branches; all the Parts and Faculties of our Bodies and Souls, are as ſo many Inſtruments of Unrighteouſneſs, to fight againſt thy divine Majeſty. Our Hearts imagine wicked Things, our Mouths utter them, and our Hands put them in Practice; thy Mercies are every Day renewed unto us; and our Sins are every Day multiplied againſt thee; in the Day of Health and Proſperity we forget thee, and we never think upon thee but in the Day of Sickneſs and Adverſity; thy Benefits heaped upon us do not allure us to obey thee, neither do thy Judgments inflicted upon others, make us afraid to offend thee: What could'ſt thou have done, O Lord, more for us? Or what could we have done more againſt thee? Thou didſt ſend thy Son in the Fulneſs of Time, to take our Nature upon him, to fulfil thy Law for us, and to be crucified for our Sins; but we have not followed the Example of his holy Life, but have every Day afreſh crucified him by our Sins: And now, O Lord, if we ſhould become our own Judges, we cannot but confeſs that we have deſerved

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everlaſting Torments in Hell-fire; but there is Mercy with thee, O Lord, therefore we will not deſpair: Our Sins are many in Number, but thy Mercies are without Number; the Weight of our Sins is great, but the Weight of thy Son's Croſs was greater; our Sins preſs us down to Hell, but thy Mercy in Chriſt Jeſus raiſeth us up: By Satan we are accuſed, but by Jeſus Chriſt we are defended; by our own Conſciences we are condemned, but by Jeſus Chriſt we are abſolved and pardoned; in us there is nothing but Sin, Death and Damnation; in him there is treaſured up for us, Righteouſneſs, Life, and Salvation; we are poor, Chriſt is our Riches; we are naked, he is our Covering, we are expoſed to thy Fury purſuing of us, he is the Buckler of our Defence, and our Refuge; he is the Rock of Salvation, and in him do we truſt. Guide us, O Lord, by thy holy Spirit, to amend what is amiſs in us; increaſe all Gifts and Graces which thou haſt already given; and give unto us what thou beſt knoweſt to be wanting: Be gracious and favourable to thy whole Church, eſpecially to that Part of it amongſt us: Bleſs thy Servant our Sovereign Lord, the King's moſt excellent Majeſty, and all the Royal Family; we beſeech thee alſo to be gracious to his great Council, the No-

Nobility, the Magiſtracy, the Miniſtry, the Gentry, the Commonalty: Forget not, O Lord, all thoſe that are under the Croſs and Affliction; cloath the Naked, feed the Hungry, viſit the Sick, deliver the Captive, defend the Fatherleſs and Widow, relieve the Oppreſſed, confirm and ſtrengthen thoſe that ſuffer Perſecution for Righteouſneſs Sake; cure thoſe that are broken in Heart, ſpeak Peace unto their Conſciences that are tormented with the Senſe of their Sins; ſtand by thoſe that are ready to depart out of this Life, and when the Houſe of their frail Tabernacle ſhall be deſtroyed, then, Lord, receive their Souls: And now, O Lord, we bleſs and praiſe thy Name for our Health, Maintenance and Liberty, for preſerving us ever ſince we were born; for bleſſing us in all that we have put our Hands unto this Day: Let thy Mercy ſtill be continued unto us, we beſeech thee; let the Eye of thy Providence, which never ſlumbereth nor ſleepeth, watch over us, and let the Hand of thy Power protect and defend us: Cover us this Night, under the Shadow of thy Wings, that no Evil happen unto us: Grant that our Bodies may be refreſhed this Night with ſuch moderate Reſt, that we may be the fitter for the Works of our Vocation and thy Service the next Morning: Hear us, we beſeech

ſeech thee for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake, our Lord and only Saviour; in whoſe Name and Words we call upon thee, further ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Thurſday Morning.

GLorious Lord God, and in Jeſus Chriſt our merciful and loving Father, we thine unworthy Creatures, ſinful Duſt and Aſhes, are here in all Humility of Soul and Body, proſtrate at the loweſt Foot-ſtool of thy glorious Majeſty; beſeeching thee to bow down thine Ears unto our Prayers, to open thine Eyes to our Supplications, who from the very bottom of our Hearts do acknowledge and confeſs that we have been unprofitable Servants, prodigal Children, and bad Stewards of that Time, which thou haſt afforded us for Repentance and good Works, and of thoſe Talents which thou haſt committed to our Improvement. We are Children of rebellious and diſobedient Parents, our Hearts are Cages of unclean Birds, of noiſome Luſts, and the Thoughts thereof have been Evil, and only Evil, and that continually. And if we look, O Lord, unto the Actions of our Lives, there are few Sins we have not com-

committed, nor Commandments which we have not broken: Theſe Eyes, which now look up unto Heaven, have beheld Vanity; theſe Tongues, which now call upon thee, have diſhonoured thee; and theſe Hands, which we now lift up unto thee, have been many Times lifted up againſt thee and thy Statutes, ſo that we have made our ſelves unworthy of the leaſt of thy Mercies, but worthy of the greateſt of thy Judgments; but deal not with us after our Sins, neither reward us according to our Iniquities: Spare us, O Lord, ſpare thy People, whom thou haſt created after thine own Image, and redeemed with thy own Blood: And according to the Multitude of thy tender Compaſſions, which have ever been of old to us, blot out the Multitude of our Tranſgreſſions: Pardon our Sins, and receive us again into thy Favour, for his Sake and Suffering, who hath ſatisfied thy Juſtice to the utmoſt Farthing: And for the ſhort Reſidue and Remainder of our Days, give us Grace, O Lord, to conſecrate the Remainder of them to thy Service, to redeem that Time which we cannot recall, and to make our Calling and Election ſure, before we go hence and be ſeen no more: And becauſe the Corruptions of our Nature are too many and too ſtrong,

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for us, and the Devil like a roaring Lion goes about to devour us, leave us not to our ſelves, but aſſiſt us by thy Grace: Perfect thy Strength in our Weakneſs, and preſerve both our Bodies and Souls blameleſs and ſpotleſs, that when we ſhall have finiſhed our Courſe, and run the Race of our natural Pilgrimage, we may receive that Crown of Righteouſneſs, which thou the righteous and juſt Judge, haſt laid up for all them that love and expect the Day of thy Appearing; and together with us, we entreat thee for a Bleſſing upon our gracious King, and the reſt of the Royal Family; upon our Counſellors, Miniſters, and Magiſtrates; upon our Friends, Kindred and Acquaintance; upon the whole Church, and every afflicted Member of it: Accept of our Morning Sacrifice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, for all thy Mercies and Favours, Comforts and Deliverances, which from Time to Time thou haſt afforded and continued to us; we thank thee for our laſt Mercy in preſerving us from the Dangers of the Night paſt, for refreſhing our Bodies with ſeaſonable Reſt, and bringing us ſafe to the Beginning of this Day: Lord, what is Man, that thou art ſo mindful of him, and the Son of Man, that thou ſhould'ſt thus viſit and remember him?

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Give us Grace, O Lord, to remember thee, and to be mindful of thy Mercies, that we may praiſe thee for all the Truth and Faithfulneſs which thou ſheweſt to us in the Land of the Living; that as thou haſt brought us to the Comforts of this Day, ſo thou may'ſt go along with us in the ſame, to enable us for the Duties of thoſe Callings wherein we are placed, and to deliver us from thoſe Dangers to which we are expoſed, even for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake, in whoſe moſt bleſſed Name and Words, we conclude theſe our weak and imperfect Prayers, ſaying as he himſelf hath taught us in his holy Goſpel:

Our Father, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Thurſday Evening.

O Eternal God, and moſt merciful Father in Jeſus Chriſt, in whom thou haſt made a Covenant of Grace and Mercy with all thoſe that come unto thee in him; in his Name and Mediation, we humbly proſtrate our ſelves before the Throne of thy Mercy-ſeat, acknowledging that by the Breach of all thy holy Laws and Commandments, we are become wild Olive-branches, Strangers to the

for us, and the Devil like a roaring Lion goes about to devour us, leave us not to our ſelves, but aſſiſt us by thy Grace: Perfect thy Strength in our Weakneſs, and preſerve both our Bodies and Souls blameleſs and ſpotleſs, that when we ſhall have finiſhed our Courſe, and run the Race of our natural Pilgrimage, we may receive that Crown of Righteouſneſs, which thou the righteous and juſt Judge, haſt laid up for all them that love and expect the Day of thy Appearing; and together with us, we entreat thee for a Bleſſing upon our gracious King, and the reſt of the Royal Family; upon our Counſellors, Miniſters, and Magiſtrates; upon our Friends, Kindred and Acquaintance; upon the whole Church, and every afflicted Member of it: Accept of our Morning Sacrifice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, for all thy Mercies and Favours, Comforts and Deliverances, which from Time to Time thou haſt afforded and continued to us; we thank thee for our laſt Mercy in preſerving us from the Dangers of the Night paſt, for refreſhing our Bodies with ſeaſonable Reſt, and bringing us ſafe to the Beginning of this Day: Lord, what is Man, that thou art ſo mindful of him, and the Son of Man, that thou ſhould'ſt thus viſit and remember him?

Give

Give us Grace, O Lord, to remember thee, and to be mindful of thy Mercies, that we may praiſe thee for all the Truth and Faithfulneſs which thou ſheweſt to us in the Land of the Living; that as thou haſt brought us to the Comforts of this Day, ſo thou may'ſt go along with us in the ſame, to enable us for the Duties of thoſe Callings wherein we are placed, and to deliver us from thoſe Dangers to which we are expoſed, even for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake, in whoſe moſt bleſſed Name and Words, we conclude theſe our weak and imperfect Prayers, ſaying as he himſelf hath taught us in his holy Goſpel:

Our Father, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Thurſday Evening.

O Eternal God, and moſt merciful Father in Jeſus Chriſt, in whom thou haſt made a Covenant of Grace and Mercy with all thoſe that come unto thee in him; in his Name and Mediation, we humbly proſtrate our ſelves before the Throne of thy Mercy-ſeat, acknowledging that by the Breach of all thy holy Laws and Commandments, we are become wild Olive-branches, Strangers to the

the Covenant of Grace: We have defac'd in our ſelves thy ſacred Image, imprinted in us by Creation; we have ſinned againſt Heaven and before thee, and are no more worthy to be called thy Children: O admit us into the Place of hired Servants. Lord, thou haſt form'd us in our Mothers Womb, thy Providence hath hitherto watched over us, and preſerved us to this preſent Time: O ſtay not the Courſe of thy Mercies and Loving-kindneſs towards us, have Mercy upon us, O Lord, for thy dear Son Jeſus Chriſt his Sake, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life: In him, O Lord, we appeal from thy Juſtice to thy Mercy, beſeeching thee in his Name, and for his Sake only, that thou wilt be graciouſly pleaſed freely to pardon us all our Sins and Diſobedience, whether in Thought, Word, or Deed, committed againſt thy Divine Majeſty; and in his precious blood-ſhedding Death, and perfect Obedience, free us from all the Guilt, the Stain, the Puniſhment, and Dominion of all our Sins, and cloath us with his perfect Righteouſneſs; there is Mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou may'ſt be feared; yea, thy Mercies ſwallow up the Greatneſs of our Sins; ſpeak Peace to our Souls and Conſciences, make us happy in the free Remiſſion of all our Sins, and be reconciled to thy poor Servants in Jeſus Chriſt,

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in whom thou art well-pleaſed. Suffer not the Works of thine own Hands to periſh; thou art not delighted in the Death of Sinners, but in their Converſion; turn our Hearts, and we ſhall be turned; convert us, and we ſhall be converted; illuminate the Eyes of our Minds and Underſtandings with the bright Beams of thy Holy Spirit; that we may daily grow in the ſaving Knowledge of the heavenly Myſtery of our Redemption, wrought by our dear Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; ſanctifie our Wills and Affections by the ſame Spirit, the moſt ſacred Fountain of all Grace and Goodneſs; reduce them to the Obedience of thy moſt holy Will in the Practice of all Piety towards thee, and Charity towards all Men. And with us be gracious to thy whole Church; bleſs thy Servant King *GEORGE*, and all the Royal Family; Bleſs the Nobility, the Magiſtracy, and Miniſtry of this Land, of what Quality or Degree ſoever. Be merciful to all that are under any Affliction or Tryal whatſoever, be a Father to the Fatherleſs, a Husband to the Widow, and a Comforter to the Comfortleſs, in what Streight or Neceſſity ſoever they are, ſupport them, and bring them out of it, to thy Glory and their Comfort. Be merciful to all that we are bound to pray for; bleſs our Relations, Kindred and Friends,

and

and let them ſerve thee, and live to thy Glory. And now we deſire to return all humble and hearty Thanks to thy heavenly Majeſty, for all thy Bleſſings continually ſhowred down upon us, in creating us, and preſerving us to this Day; in keeping us the Day paſt from all Dangers and Caſualties, that we are continually ſubject to: Continue, O Lord, we beſeech thee, this Favour to us, and let thy Angels pitch their Tents round about us this Night, to guard and defend us from all Perils both of Body and Soul; let our weak and wearied Bodies be refreſhed with ſeaſonable and convenient Reſt and Sleep, ſo that we may be the more fit to diſcharge our Duties, both towards God and Man, the Day following; grant theſe our weak Petitions, and give us all other Bleſſings which thou knoweſt we ſtand in need of; and all we ask of thee, in the bleſſed Name and Words of our dear Saviour and Redeemer; further praying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Friday Morning.

MOſt Holy, moſt Glorious, and Eternal Lord God, we thy poor and unworthy Servants, in all Humility of Soul

Soul and Body, and unfeigned Acknowledgment of our Duty, proſtrate our ſelves before the Throne of thy Mercy, praiſing and magnifying thy fatherly Goodneſs, for the Abundance of thy Bleſſings, and for the Multitude of thy Mercies heaped upon us; beſeeching thee for Jeſus Chriſt's Sake to be merciful to all our Sins committed againſt thy divine Majeſty; upon the Conſideration of which, we confeſs we are not worthy to appear in thy Preſence, much leſs to ask a Bleſſing at thy Hands; for by Reaſon of our corrupt Nature in us, derived from our firſt Parents, our Inclinations have been prone to commit all Manner of Sin and Wickedneſs againſt thy Goodneſs: Thy Laws and Precepts we have broken both in Thought, Word and Deed: Out of our Hearts proceed evil and wicked Imaginations, which defile the Soul, and the whole Man is altogether abominable: Theſe Things, O Lord, we confeſs to our Shame; and if thy Mercy prevent not, it will be our utter Deſtruction of Soul and Body. Yet, O Lord, thou art our Creator, thou haſt made us, and thou haſt ſent thy dear Son Jeſus Chriſt to die for us, and thy holy Spirit to ſanctifie us; and many are the Benefits and Bleſſings which thou haſt beſtowed upon us, and which by thy Goodneſs we enjoy

joy both of Soul and Body; and therefore by the Teſtimony of our own Conſciences we ſtand convicted, and the Thoughts of our great Sins and Tranſgreſſions do much aſtoniſh us: What ſhall we ſay therefore, or wherein ſhall we open our Mouths? Who ſhall deliver us from the Miſery due unto us for our Tranſgreſſions? Nothing can be expected in this Life but Wrath and Confuſion; and in the World to come, eternal Condemnation. But yet, O Lord, in Obedience to thy Command, and in confident Aſſurance of thy endleſs and unſpeakable Mercy promiſed in Jeſus Chriſt to all Sinners which come unto thee, with Sorrow in our Hearts, Shame in our Faces, and in all Humility of Spirit. And we would appeal from thee a juſt Judge, to thee a merciful Father; from the Throne of thy Juſtice, to the Seat of thy Mercy, beſeeching thee, O Lord, to have Merey upon us, to turn away thy Face from all our Sins, and to blot out all our Tranſgreſſions, for the only meritorious Death and Paſſion of Jeſus Chriſt, who ſo abundantly ſhed his Blood on the Croſs to take away the Sins of the World: And be pleaſed now to reform our Affections, transform us out of Sin, into the glorious Liberty of thy own Children, to

live

live in Newneſs of Life, in a holy Converſation and continual Obedience to thy divine Majeſty.

And now we further intreat thee, O Lord, for a Bleſſing upon thy Church univerſal; more eſpecially we beſeech thee to continue the Peace and Proſperity of theſe Churches wherein we live, and every Member thereof; and in a more eſpecial Manner, bleſs with the chiefeſt of thy Bleſſings thine Anointed, and our Sovereign Lord the King's Majeſty, and the reſt of the Royal Family; bleſs the Lords of his Majeſty's Privy-Council, the Reverend Clergy, and all Civil Magiſtrates; bleſs all our Kindred, Friends and Acquaintance; bleſs all, O Lord, from the higheſt to the loweſt.

And ſince it hath pleaſed thee, O Lord, of thy Goodneſs, to deliver us from the Power of Darkneſs, and all Dangers of the Night paſt, affording us quiet and comfortable Reſt, bring us ſafe to the Beginning of this Day; our Souls and all that is within us ſhall praiſe thy holy Name: We beſeech thee to bleſs and defend us, O Lord, this Day; direct and protect us in it; bleſs our going out and coming in; let thy Spirit guide us in all our Actions; proſper all our Labours and Endeavours this Day; make us diligent and faithful

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in our Callings, that we may keep a good Conſcience in all our Dealings, not any Way to defraud any one, knowing that one Day we muſt give an Account of all our Words and Deeds.

Lord, hear us we beſeech thee and accept of this our Morning-ſacrifice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving; hear our Prayers, and grant our Petitions that we have asked: and all other Bleſſings which thou in thy infinite Wiſdom knoweſt moſt neceſſary for us, we ask at thy merciful Hands, in the Name, and through the Mediation of thy dear Son our bleſſed Redeemer Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, in whoſe moſt excellent Form of Prayer we conclude our imperfect Petitions, ſaying, *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Friday Evening.

MOſt glorious and everlaſting Lord God, who inhabiteſt Eternity, and dwelleſt in that Light, which no mortal Eye can attain unto; the God in whom we live, and move, and have our Being, we thine unworthy Servants, do here in all Lowlineſs and Humility, preſent our Perſons and Prayers before thy divine Majeſty, confeſſing and acknowledging that we were conceived in Sin, and brought

brought forth in Iniquity; and as if that had been but a ſmall Matter, we have heaped up our actual Tranſgreſſions, as the Sand upon the Sea-ſhore, and as the Stars in the Firmament for Number: We have broken thy Commandments, we have prophaned thy Sabbath, we have diſhonoured thy Name, we have abuſed thy Creatures, we have neglected the Day of our Viſitation, and turned thy Grace into Wantonneſs, whereby we have moſt juſtly provoked thy Wrath and everlaſting Diſpleaſure; we have wounded our own Conſciences; weakened our Aſſurance of Salvation, and grieved thy good Spirit, which ſealeth us up unto the Day of our Redemption: And now, O Lord, if thou ſhould'ſt deal with us after our Deſervings, thou might'ſt pour upon us the Deluge of thy Wrath and Fury, to ſweep us out of the Land of the Living, into that Place of Torment prepared for the Devil and his Angels. But thou haſt revealed thy ſelf to the Sons of Men to be the Lord, the Lord merciful and gracious, Long-ſuffering, and of great Goodneſs, who pardoneſt Sins, and paſſeſt by the Tranſgreſſions of thy People; this is thy Name for ever, and thy Memorial throughout all Generations: We beſeech thee therefore, for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake, to be merciful unto us, in the free Pardon and

Forgiveneſs of all our Sins, that we have ever committed againſt thee; accept of his Obedience for our Diſobedience, of his Righteouſneſs for our Unrighteouſneſs; of his Sufferings for all our Sins; waſh them away in his Blood, nail them to his Croſs, hide them in his Wounds, and bury them in his Grave, that they may never riſe up for our Confuſion here, or for our Condemnation hereafter: O Lord, be unto us a Father of Mercy, and a God of Conſolation: Speak Peace unto our Souls and Conſciences, and ſay unto us, that thou art the God of our Salvation.

And give us Grace for the Time to come to die daily unto Sin, by Virtue of thy Son's Death, and to riſe up to Newneſs of Life, by the Power of his Reſurrection; wean our Hearts, and take of our Affections from the Things of this World, which endure but for a Seaſon, and raiſe them up unto thoſe Things which are at thy right Hand for evermore; enlighten the Darkneſs of our Underſtanding, ſubdue the Stubbornneſs of our Wills, rectifie the Diſorder of our Affections, and bring into Obedience whatſoever exalteth it ſelf againſt thy Will, that at laſt we may become ſuch as thou would'ſt have us to be.

Continue and enlarge thy Bleſſings upon the Church and Land wherein we live; upon the Perſon and Government

of

of our KING; bleſs all the Royal Family, together with his Majeſty's Council, the Nobility, Magiſtracy, Clergy, and Gentry of this Land: Be merciful to all thoſe who are afflicted with any Croſs or Calamity; all our Relations and Acquaintances, and all others whom we are bound to pray for. O Lord, accept our Thankſgiving this Evening, for all the Mercies and Favours which thou affordeſt for our Souls and Bodies, for this Life and a better; more eſpecially, that thou haſt preſerved us and our Family this Day in Health and Happineſs: Now, holy Father, ſeeing the Night is upon us, and we are ready to take our Reſt, into thy Hands we commit our Souls and Bodies, and all that we have, beſeeching thee, who art the Keeper of *Iſrael*, that neither ſleepeſt nor ſlumbereſt, to take Care of us; for if thou protect us not, Satan will devour us; yea, we ſhall ſleep a perpetual Sleep, and never riſe up to praiſe thee; we pray thee therefore be good to us this Night, defend us from Danger, refreſh us with comfortable Reſt, and raiſe us up to glorifie thee in the Duties of the Day following, that thou may'ſt ſtill be our God, and we may be thy People; hear us, and graciouſly anſwer us in theſe our Requeſts, and what elſe thou knoweſt needful and moſt expedient for us, and that for Jeſus Chriſt

his Sake, in whoſe moſt bleſſed Name and Words, we conclude theſe our imperfect Prayers, ſaying as he himſelf hath taught us: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Saturday Morning.

GRacious Lord God, thou art the great Creator of Heaven and Earth: We confeſs our ſelves unworthy to come into thy Preſence, or to ſpeak a Word before thee; wretched ſinful Creatures that we are, full of all Iniquity and Uncleanneſs; and who can make that clean, which is taken out of an unclean Thing? The Thoughts and Imaginations of our Hearts are evil, and only evil, and that continually.

Yet, O Lord, ſeeing thou haſt commanded us to call upon thee, and haſt mercifully promiſed to be preſent with thy Children, to hear their Prayers, and to grant their Requeſts, which they have put up in Faith unto thee, O Lord, this doth give us Boldneſs to come before thee, and in Confidence of thy Goodneſs, that thou wilt make good the ſame Promiſe unto us this Time, we here offer up unto thee this Morning-ſacrifice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, humbly acknowledging

and

and confeſſing, from the Bottom of our Hearts, our manifold Tranſgreſſions and Offences which we have continually multiplied againſt thee in Thought, Word, and Deed, from the Beginning of our Days, unto this preſent Time; we acknowledge, O Lord, our original Corruption, in the which we were at the firſt conceived and born, and from whence there hath ſprung the moſt bitter and unſavoury Fruit of Sin, Apoſtacy, and Rebellion, to the great Diſhonour of thy Name, and wounding of our poor Souls and Conſciences, and the evil Examples of others, amongſt whom we have lived; by the which, O God, we confeſs that we have juſtly deſerved that thy Wrath and Indignation ſhould be poured out upon us, both in this Life, and the Life to come.

And therefore, O God, we come not here before thee in our own Worthineſs, but in the Worthineſs and Mediation of Jeſus Chriſt, beſeeching thy gracious Goodneſs, for his Sake, to forgive all our Offences, our open Sins, our ſecret Sins, our Sins of Preſumption, Sins againſt Knowledge, againſt Conſcience, againſt thee, or againſt our Brethren, either in our younger Years, or in the Days of our Knowledge; as we muſt needs confeſs that in many Things we offend all; we beſeech thee, O Lord, for Chriſt his Sake,

to forgive the ſame unto us, and perſwade our Souls and Conſciences more and more, that thou art at Peace with us, and that all our Sins are done away in the Blood of thy Son. And grant, O Lord, that by the Aſſiſtance of thy holy Spirit, we may ſerve thee with more Freedom of Mind, and Liberty of Will, in Righteouſneſs and true Holineſs, unto the End of our Days. And good Lord, begin not only Repentance, and true Converſion in us, but of thy great Mercy perfect the ſame; O lead us forward more and more to Perfection; increaſe in us the ſaving Knowledge of thee, and of thy Son Jeſus Chriſt.

And now, O Lord, we magnifie and praiſe thy holy Name for thy Bleſſings and Mercies beſtowed upon us, both ſpiritual and temporal, for our Health, Peace, Food, Raiment, and all the Comforts of this Life. O Lord, let us make a right uſe of them, that we may not abuſe them unto Licentiouſneſs, but let us be daily ſtirred up by them, to devote our ſelves unto thee and thy Service; we acknowledge thy Goodneſs towards us the Night that is now paſt, freeing us from many imminent Dangers, both of Soul and Body, and giving us ſweet and comfortable Reſt; we beſeech thee to be with us this Day, and bleſs us in all our lawful Undertakings, and keep us all the Days of our Lives,

Lives, and teach us to walk as Children of the Light, that thy Name may be glorified by us, others may take good Example, we our ſelves enjoy the Peace of a good Conſcience: So that at the laſt we may come to reign with thee in Glory.

Bleſs the Churches and Kingdoms wherein we live, with the Continuance of our Peace and true Religion, bleſs all in Authority, eſpecially the King's moſt excellent Majeſty, and all the Royal Family; bleſs the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of this Nation; bleſs us all out of *Sion*, from the higheſt to the loweſt: Be merciful to all that are afflicted in Body or Mind, or both; let it pleaſe thee O Lord, to ſtay them and ſupport them in Time of their Diſtreſs, and give them a happy Iſſue out of the ſame, as it ſhall ſeem good unto thee; and fit us for all Times and Conditions which thou ſhalt pleaſe to bring upon us. And thus, O Lord, we have commended our Suits unto thee, humbly beſeeching thee to pardon our Infirmities in the Performance of this preſent Service; and ſince thou knoweſt our Wants better than we our ſelves can expreſs them unto thee, we pray thee to take Notice of them, and miniſter unto us a gracious Supply in thine own due Time, even for Jeſus Chriſt his Sake; in whoſe Name we conclude theſe our weak

and imperfect Prayers, in that perfect Form of Prayer which he himſelf hath further taught us, ſaying,

Our Father, &c.

A Prayer for a Family for Saturday Evening.

HOly Lord God, and our heavenly Father in Jeſus Chriſt, we thine unworthy Creatures now here before thee, cannot but acknowledge and confeſs, even from the Bottom of our Hears, againſt our ſelves, our own Unworthineſs, that we are grievous Sinners, conceived in Sin, and born in Iniquity, whereof we have brought forth moſt vile Fruits in our Lives, to the great Diſhonour of thy Name, the utter diſmaying of our own Conſciences, and the evil Example of our Brethren, by which we have deſerved likewiſe thy Wrath and heavy Indignation to be poured upon us, both in this Life, and that which is to come. But yet, O Lord, we know that the Merits of thy dear Son do far exceed our Sin, though the Multitude of them were as the Sand upon the Seaſhore; in his Name therefore, and for his Sake, we preſent our ſelves, Souls and Bodies, before thy moſt heavenly Majeſty, beſeeching thee to forgive us all our Sins, and

and Tranſgreſſions; and we do farther deſire to bleſs thy Name, and to ſhew forth thy Praiſe this Evening, and to magnifie thy Goodneſs towards us, for preſerving us this Day from all Dangers, and for keeping us from our Birth, even hitherto; for thou art a God of Patience, Pity, and much Forgiveneſs, ſhewing Mercy unto thouſands, and blotting out all our Offences. O Lord, ſet not before us the Sinfulneſs of our Hearts and Ways, ſo as to hinder good Things from us, but grant us thy Grace that we may amend our Lives, and unfeignedly ſerve thee in the ſeveral Duties of our Callings, to thy Glory, and the Comfort of our Souls, remit our Puniſhment, continue thy Favour unto us, and receive us into thy moſt gracious Protection, and keep us this Night and for evermore, that the Devil may have no Power over us, nor any Evil overtake us: And, O Lord, whether we ſleep or wake, live or die, let us be always thine, for thou art our Creator and Redeemer; guard us about with the Armies of thy holy Angels in our Habitations: Do thou, O God, aſſiſt us, that we may peaceably ſleep and reſt in thee, hide us in thy Tabernacle, and we will fear no Evil, for thou that keepeſt us, doſt neither ſlumber nor ſleep; let thy Rod and thy Staff comfort and defend us; and

let thy Mercies, O God, prevent and follow us all the Days of our Lives, that at laſt we may dwell with thee, praiſing thee for evermore. And to that End, refreſh our wearied weak Bodies with moderate Sleep, that if thou ſhalt let us live till the next Day, even thy holy Sabbath-day, we may be fit to perform all the Services and Duties thou requireſt of us. Let us hear thy Word with Fear and Reverence, and let us lay it up in our Hearts, that the Fruits of it may be ſeen in our holy Lives and Converſations. Let us pray unto thee by Faith, that ſo we may receive what we ask; and let us devote our whole Souls, Minds, and Affections to thy Service.

And with us be gracious to theſe Churches in theſe Kingdoms, we beſeech thee to put a Stop to that Spirit of Atheiſm, Irreligion and Prophaneneſs, that is come upon us like a Flood, and make us all an holy People, that ſo we may be a happy People. Let the choiceſt of thy Bleſſings deſcend upon our gracious King, and all the Royal Family; bleſs all Eſtates and Conditions of Men, of what Quality ſoever, the Nobility, Clergy, Gentry, and Commonalty, bleſs all our Friends, Kindred, and Relations; be a Father to the Fatherleſs, and a Husband to the Widow, a Comforter to the Comfortleſs;

leſs: Be our God and Guide in all our Ways; enlighten our Darkneſs, we beſeech thee O Lord, and by thy great Mercy defend us from all Perils and Dangers of this Night: Let thy mighty Hand and out-ſtretched Arm, O Lord, be ſtill our Defence; and hear us, and anſwer us above and beyond the Deſires of theſe our weak Petitions, in the bleſſed Name of Jeſus Chriſt our only Lord and Saviour, in whoſe moſt holy Words we further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

Occaſional Devotions: Or, a Collection of Prayers and Thankſgivings upon ſeveral Occaſions, and for ſeveral Perſons.

Be careful for nothing, but in every Thing, by Prayer and Supplication with Thankſgiving, let your Requeſts be made known unto God, Phil. 4. 6.

Upon the Return of the Goſpel in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*.

DArkneſs is fled the Sun appears,
Extinguiſhing our Flames & Fears.
The glorious Goſpel's once more free,
From Popiſh dark Idolatry:

We

We hear no dying Martyrs groan,
But Truth and Mercy fill the Throne,
The Smithfield *Fires do burn no more,*
And England *now does hate the Whore,*
And all her Falacies *defies:*
The King of Glory now doth riſe,
With healing underneath his Wings,
And England *her Deliverance ſings:*
The Goſpel now in Triumph flies,
Enlightning Mens benighted Eyes;
And all may now be ſafely good,
Without ſubſcribing with their Blood.
Lord grant we ne'er may ſin away,
The Mercies of this Goſpel-Day. Amen.

The Perſecution in the Time of Queen *Mary*, and the Carriage of the Papiſts in it, is thus deſcribed by the excellent Biſhop *Jewel*.

YOU (ſaith he) *impriſoned your Brethren, you have ſtript them naked, you have ſcourged them with Rods, you have burnt their Hands and Arms in flaming Torches; you have famiſhed them, you have drown'd them, you have ſummon'd them being dead, to appear before you out of their Graves: You have ript up their buried Carcaſſes, burnt them and thrown them out upon Dunghils; you took a poor Babe falling from its Mother's Womb, and in a moſt cruel and in-*

inhumane Manner threw it into the Fire.

By all which ſeveral Ways and Means the Martyrs in all Parts of the Kingdom, in the five Years Reign of Queen *Mary*, amounted to the Number of 277 Perſons of all Sorts and Ages; for there periſhed by theſe Flames, 5 Biſhops, 21 Divines, 8 Gentlemen, 84 Artificers, 100 Husbandmen, Servants and Labourers, 26 Wives, 20 Widows, 9 Virgins, 2 Boys, and 2 Infants: One ſprung out of his Mother's Womb as ſhe was burning at the Stake, and moſt unmercifully flung it into the Fire at the very Birth; 64 more in thoſe furious Times were perſecuted in their Faith, whereof 7 were whipt, 16 periſhed in Priſons, 12 buried in Dunghils; and many more lay in Captivity condemned, who were happily delivered by the glorious Entrance of Queen *Elizabeth*.

A Thankſgiving for the Return of the Goſpel.

O Moſt glorious, moſt merciful, and gracious Lord God, we cannot but remember thy Mercies to us and to our Fathers of old, when thou waſt pleaſed to deliver this Nation from the ſpiritual

Ægyptian Bondage which we were under in the *Marian* Days, when our Fathers were in the Condition of those Worthies of old, who were tortured, not accepting Deliverance, that they might obtain a better Resurrection; who wandred about in Sheep-skins and Goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, in Deserts, in Mountains, in Dens and Caves of the Earth, and the Sound of the Turtle was not heard in the Land. This, O Lord, was our miserable Condition under which we groaned, but thou, our most merciful Father, in the midst of Judgment didst remember Mercy, and didst bring back our Captivity, as the Rivers in the South: thou broughtest thy Servant Queen *Elizabeth* from Prison to reign, and with her did the glorious Sun of the Gospel arise upon these late dark Lands, and the Word of the Lord went throughout the Nation, thou quenchest those Flames that destroyed so many of thy blessed Saints and Servants, and didst at once restore to us Religion, Peace, Plenty, and Victory over all our, and thine Enemies. O what shall we render unto the Lord for all these his Benefits to us a most unworthy, wicked and sinful People! Let us render unto him Sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving, and let our Lives and Conversations so shew forth his Praise, that

we may never provoke the Lord to remove his Candleſtick from us: And all this we ask thro' the Merits and Mercies of thy bleſſed Son, our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

The Prayer of King Edward *the* 6th (*called* England's Joſiah) *againſt Popery.*

LOrd God deliver me out of this miſerable and wretched Life, and take me among thy Choſen; howbeit, not my Will, but thy Will be done: Lord, I commit my Spirit to thee; O Lord, thou knoweſt how happy it were for me to be with thee, yet for thy Choſen's Sake, ſend me Life and Health, that I may truly ſerve thee. O my God, bleſs thy People and ſave thine Inheritance: O Lord God, ſave thy choſen People of *England.* O my Lord God defend this Realm from *Papiſtry*, and maintain thy true Religion, that I and my People may praiſe thy holy Name.

Upon the *Spaniſh Invaſion*, in that remarkable Year 1588, by the ſo called *Invincible Armada.*

POor England's *Ruin is deſign'd,*
The Pope *&* Spain *have both combin'd,*

In

In eighty eight Engländ *muſt bleed*;
A vaſt Armada Spain *prepares*,
The Coſt and Toil of many Years;
An hundred fifty Sail and more,
Came thundring from the Spaniſh *Shore*,
The Pope, *to make up the Bravado*,
Stiles it the Invincible Armada;
Whoſe vaſt numerous Hills contain
The Treaſure and the Strength of Spain,
Full twenty thouſand Soldiers.
And to encreaſe our Woes and Fears,
Fetters and Chains they did prepare,
The Marks of Slavery we muſt wear;
Religion, Laws, Liberties,
All were deſign'd a Sacrifice,
To Romiſh *Cruelty, and we*
Moſt wretched Slaves deſign'd to be.
Our Queen with watchful Eyes ſurveys
The approaching Storm, & ſoon doth raiſe
Two Royal Armies, to withſtand
The bold Invaders of our Land;
A Royal Fleet too ſhe provides,
But God himſelf the Cauſe decides.
The Lord of Hoſts ſoon made them ſee,
There's none invincible but he:
He with a Breath of Wind doth blaſt
Deſigns ſo mighty and ſo vaſt,
That all might ſee, that none but he
An univerſal King can be.

In the Year of our Lord 1588, and in the one and thirtieth Year of the moſt glo-

glorious Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, *Philip* the Second, King of *Spain*, ſet forth this mighty Fleet, the *Spaniards* themſelves being ſo amazed at the Vaſtneſs of it, that they named it the *invincible Armada*; it being the beſt furniſhed with Men, Ammunition, and all Manner of Proviſion, of any that ever the Ocean ſaw; conſiſting of a hundred and fifty tall Ships, in which were twenty thouſand Soldiers, and the D. of *Parma* was deſign'd to bring out of *Flanders* fifty thouſand more to join with them; it had alſo 8600 Mariners, two thouſand and eighty Galley-ſlaves, two thouſand ſix hundred and thirty great Ordnance, beſides Boats and Tenders of all Sorts, with Proviſions; the Pope alſo contributed a Million of Gold to this Deſign; all theſe were to be landed at the *Thames* Mouth, that by ſeizing on the Head, they might the more eaſily command the Body of the Kingdom; the Queen had prepared a double Guard, one for the Land, and another for the Sea; that by Land was divided into two Armies, the one conſiſting of two and twenty thouſand Foot, and a thouſand Horſe, commanded by the Earl of *Leiceſter*, whoſe Camp was at *Tilbury*, where the Queen with a maſculine Spirit came and took a View of her Army, and riding about through the Ranks

Ranks of armed Men drawn up on both Sides her, with a Leader's Truncheon in her Hand, ſometimes with a martial Pace, another while gently like a Woman: It is incredible how much ſhe encouraged the Hearts of her Captains and Soldiers by her Preſence, and Speech to them: The Guard by Sea, conſiſted of one hundred and forty Ships, divided into three Squadrons, commanded by the Lord *Howard*, Admiral; Sir *Francis Drake*, Vice-Admiral; and the Lord *Henry Seymour*, Reer-Admiral.

When the mighty moving Wood of *Spain*, was entred into the *Britiſh* Seas, and found the Queen ſo well prepared, contrary to their Expectation, they reſolved rather to take a Chaſe Fight than lie by it. The Queen commanded the Lord Admiral to make ready eight of their worſt Ships, and to beſmear them with Wildfire, Pitch, and Roſin, and fill them with Brimſtone, and other combuſtible Matters; which he ſent down the Wind in the dead of the Night among the *Spaniſh* Fleet, who ſpying the Flames, and thinking them deadly Inventions, and murthering Engines, raiſed a ſad Out-cry and preſently weighed Anchor, cut their Cables, and in a terrible panick Fear, with great Haſte and Confuſion put to Sea: Whereupon the Queen's Fleet, under

Drake

Drake and other brave Commanders, took ſome of them, ſunk and drove ſome on the Sands, and many others being driven Northwards, and grievouſly toſſed, impaired, and mangled by Storms and Wracks, and enduring all Manner of Miſeries, at Length return'd with Shame and Diſhonour; by all which Ways were loſt more than half the *Spaniſh* Fleet, and of the *Engliſh* only one Ship, and that of ſmall Value. And thus this great *Armada* which had been three compleat Years in preparing with infinite Expence, was within one Months Space many Times fought with, and at laſt overthrown, with a Loſs of Abundance of *Spaniards*; and this mighty Deſign came to Nought. *Gloria Deo.*

A Thankſgiving for our Deliverance from the Spaniſh Armada *in* 1588.

MOST high and mighty Lord God Almighty, who workeſt Wonders in the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Sea, who art a preſent Help to all that call upon thee; we the People of theſe Nations, have infinite Cauſe to bleſs thy holy Name, for thy Mercies of old to our Fathers, in delivering us from that Slavery and

and Miſery that was deſigned to be brought upon us by thine and our Enemies, who intended to have tyrannized over our Souls, our Bodies, our Conſciences: They had prepared Whips to ſcourge us, Chains and Fetters to bind and manacle us, and they did boaſt themſelves to be invincible, and that none could withſtand them; but thou, O Lord, didſt blow upon them with a Blaſt of thy Mouth, and they were ſcattered like Chaff before the Wind, and they periſhed at thy Preſence; thou didſt put Fear into their Hearts, and they fled; thou didſt confound all their Projects and Devices, and they were all brought to Nought. O Lord, let us never forget this Mercy of thine, and the Multitude of thy Mercies that we have received ſince that Time; which thou knoweſt, O Lord, we have not improved as we ought; and may therefore juſtly fear that we have ſo provoked thee by our crying Abominations, that thou may'ſt once more give us over. O Lord, we beſeech thee yet to remember Mercy, and rather take us into thine own Hand to correct us, than give us up into the Hands of wicked and unmerciful Men, whoſe tender Mercies are Cruelties: Remember thy Loving-kindneſs to us of old, and ſave us according to thy wonted Mercy, not for our own Sakes, but for the

the Merits of thy dear Son, and our bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

Upon the Fifth of *November.*

1.

THis Day allows thy Praiſes, Lord,
Our grateful Hearts to thee ſhall ſing;
Our thankful Lips they ſhall record
Thine ancient Loves eternal King.

2.

Our Land ſhall boaſt, the holy One
My great Preſerver is become
My Friend; my Foes have overthrown,
And make the Pit they digg'd their (Tomb.

3.

With Parthian *Bows the Archers came,*
Rome's *poiſonous Oil on the Arrows (ſhone.*
Thy Turtle was the Archer's Aim,
Shoot, ſhoot, ſays Satan, all's our own.

4.

Fond fooliſh Rome, *how dar'ſt to oppoſe,*
Whom God in his ſafe Boſom lays?
Thy Malice may it ſelf diſcloſe,
But fruſtrate ſtill ſhall turn to Praiſe.

5.

The Crozier-Staff, thy Tripple-Crown,
Thoſe Enſigns of Deceit and Pride,
Thy Purple Robe, thy blaz'd Renown,
Thy Duſt ſhall ever hide.

6. *Thy*

6.

Thy Merchant ſhall thy Fall lament,
Thy Lovers all in Sackcloth mourn,
While Heaven and Earth in one Conſent,
Shall ſing, Amen, let *Babylon* burn.

7.

Then, Lord, thy Spouſe, thoſe dropping Eyes
Whoſe Sighs, whoſe Sufferings prove he thine,
Shall from her penſive Sorrow riſe,
And as the Lambs fair Birds ſhall ſhine.

8.

Sweet Day, ſweet Day, when ſhall it be?
Why ſtays my Lord; dear Saviour come,
Thy mourning Spouſe cries after thee,
Stay with me here, or take me home.

Of the Powder-Treaſon.

THE Plot was to undermine the Parliament-Houſe, and with Powder to blow up the King, Prince, Clergy, Nobles, Knights and Burgeſſes; the very Confluence of all the Flower of Glory, Piety, Learning, Prudence and Authority in the Land, Fathers, Sons, Brothers, Allies, Friends, Foes, Papiſts, and Proteſtants, all at one Blaſt.

This damnable Deſign was contrived by ſome Prieſts, Jeſuits, and other Papiſts; to which End they took Lodgings near

near the Parliament-houſe, and then all the Conſpirators took an Oath of Secrecy in theſe Words:

You ſhall ſwear by the bleſſed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now propoſe to receive, never to diſcloſe directly, or indirectly, by Word or Circumſtance, the Matter that ſhall be propoſed to you to keep ſecret, nor deſiſt from the Execution thereof, till the reſt ſhall give you leave.

And now the Buſineſs went on apace, and all Things being ready, the Fifth of *November*, 1605. was the Day deſign'd for the Execution; but about ten Days before, a Letter directed to my Lord *Montagle*, was delivered by an unknown Perſon to his Footman in the Street, with a ſtrict Charge to give it to his Lord's own Hand, which accordingly he did, and the Lord being troubled at the Contents preſently imparted it to the Secretary of State, who ſoon preſented it to the King, which was in theſe Words:

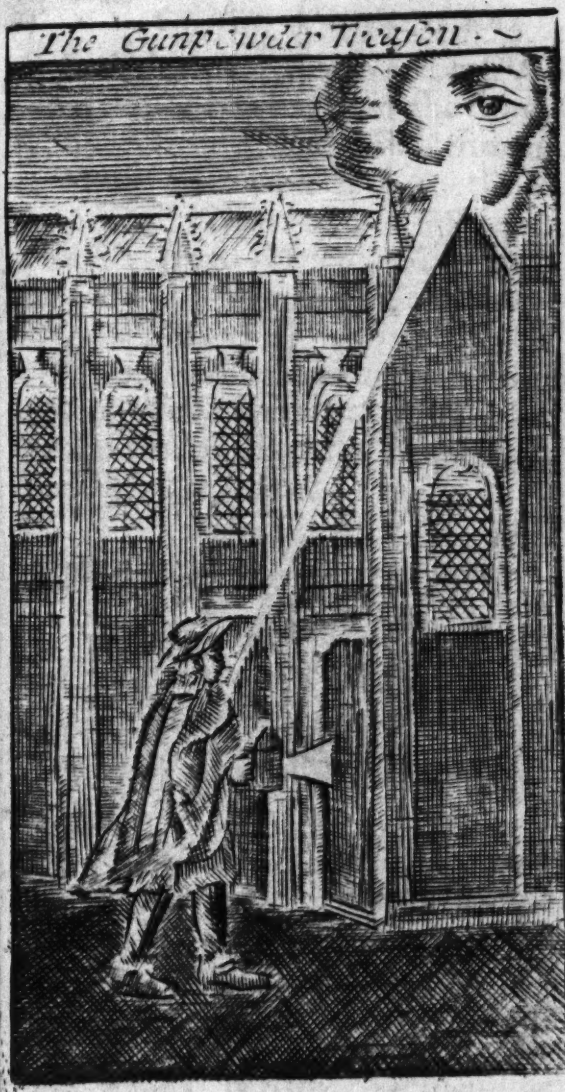
My Lord,

OUT of the Love I bear to ſome of your Friends, I have a Care of your Preſervation; therefore I would adviſe you, as you tender your Life, to deviſe ſome Excuſe to ſhift off your Attendance at this Parliament; for GOD *and Man hath concurr'd to puniſh the Wicked-*

kedneſs of this Time: And think not ſlightly of this Advertiſement, but retire your ſelf into your Country, where you may expect the Event with Safety; for tho' there be no Appearance of any Stir yet I ſay they ſhall receive a terrible Blow this Parliament, and yet they ſhall not ſee who hurts them: This Council is not to be contemned, becauſe it may do you good, and can do you no Harm, for the Danger is paſt, ſo ſoon as you have burnt the Letter; and I hope God will give you the Grace to make uſe of it, to whoſe holy Protection I commend you.

The King reading this Letter, did conclude by ſeveral dark Paſſages in it, that it contained in it ſome extraordinary Deſign, and therefore by the *Blow*, did ſuppoſe was meant ſome Blaſt of *Gunpowder*; and after ſtrict Search made under the *Parliament-houſe*, about Mid-night, the very Night before the *Parliament* was to ſit; at the Door of the Entrance of the Cellar, was found one *Guy Fauks*, cloathed and booted, he was apprehended; and then removing ſome Billets that were laid to prevent Diſcovery, they found the Serpent's Neſt ſtor'd with thirty ſix Barrels of *Powder*, and ſearching the Villain, there was found about him a Dark-lanthorn three Matches, and other Inſtruments for blowing up the *Powder*.

And


The Gunpowder Treason

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM

And thus was this horrible *Plot* diſcovered, and we ſaved, and the Conſpirators received their deſerved Puniſhment.

Thoſe that were firſt in the Treaſon, were *Rob. Catesby*, *Tho. Piercy*, *Tho. Winter*, *Rob. Winter*, *J. Wright*, *Chr. Wright*, *G. Faulks*, Gent. and *Bates*, *Catesby*'s Man.

Perſons made acquainted with, and Promoters of it, were Sir *E. Digby*, *Amb. Rookwood*, *F. Weſham*, Eſq; *Rob. Kegs*, *John Grant*, Gent.

A Thankſgiving for the Fifth of November, *for God's miraculous Deliverance of this Land, King and People, from that horrid* Gun-Powder-Plot, 1605.

O Our gracious Lord God, who is like unto thee, or who can ſtrive beyond thy Admittance? Hath any Thing been done, or attempted, but what thou knoweſt of? Yea, thou ſeeſt all Things, ſaveſt all thine, and wilt not let an Hair of their Heads periſh. O then, who is like unto thee, for thou art ever gracious and merciful, ſlow to Anger, and of great Kindneſs? O come then let us worſhip, and fall down, and kneel be-

fore the Lord our Maker; for never any People had more Occaſion miniſtred unto them than this People of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*; yea, all that belong to this Monarchy, to praiſe the great God of Majeſty, Power, Might and Dominion, who did deliver us out of Thraldom when nothing was wanting, for making this ſacrilegious Parricide a Pattern of Miſchief, and a Crime without Example; they would have joined the Deſtruction of the Body to the Head, ſo as all at one Thunder-clap ſhould have been ſent to Heaven together; the King our Head, the Queen our fertile Mother, and thoſe young and hopeful Olive Plants; yea, not only theirs, but alſo ours; our honourable and worthy Senators; yea, the whole Repreſentative Body of the Land, without Diſtinction of Degree or Age; yea, even the Stones and Walls ſhould have felt their Fury, and the Hall of Juſtice, the Houſe of Parliament, the Church uſed for the Coronation of our Kings, the Monuments of our former Princes, the Crown, and other Royalties, all the Records, as well of Parliament, as of every Man's particular Right, with a great Number of Charters, and ſuch like, ſhould all have been comprehended under that fearful Chaos, and the remain-

maining Trophies of the eternal Glory of our former *Princes*, ſhould have all been conſumed together; and ſo not only we, but the Memory of us and ours, ſhould have been extinguiſhed in an Inſtant: How can we therefore ſufficiently magnify and praiſe thy great Mercy, who didſt thus preſerve us when we were ſo near Deſtruction? Therefore conſider our dangerous Eſtate; we come unto thee, O thou great and mighty Judge, in Trembling and Fear, humbly beſeeching thee not to heap upon us thy deſerved Vengeance, but let thy tender Kindneſs and Love thou beareſt to Chriſt, thy dear Son, our gracious Lord and Redeemer, cover our Iniquities, for whoſe Sake do thou pardon us, and have Compaſſion on us; to whom with thy Self, and thy bleſſed Spirit, be given all Praiſe, Honour and Glory, of us, and of all Poſterity after us, from this Time forth, and for evermore.

Upon the Martyrdom of King CHARLES *the Firſt, on the 30th of* January, 1648.

An EPITAPH.

STay Paſſenger; behold and ſee,
The widow'd Grave of Majeſty:

Why trembleſt thou? Here's that will
The moſt ſtupid Soul to ſhake. (*make*
Here lies entomb'd the ſacred Duſt
Of Peace and Piety, Right and Juſt:
The Blood (*O ſtart thou not to hear!*)
Of a bleſt King, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
Shed, and buried hence to be
The Miracle of Miſery!
The Law-giver amongſt his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.
Voted Monarchy *to Death,*
By the courſe Plebian *Breath:*
The Sovereign of all Command
Suffering by a common Hand.
A Prince! To make the Odium *more,*
Martyr'd at his very Door,
The Head cut off! Oh, Death to ſee't,
In Obedience to the Feet!
And that by Juſtice you may know,
If thou haſt Faith to think it ſo:
We'll ſtir no further than this ſacred Clay,
But let it ſlumber 'till the Judgment-day.
Of all the Kings on Earth, it's not deny'd,
Here lies the Firſt that for Religion dy'd.

A Prayer for the 30th of January, *being the Day of the Martyrdom of King* Charles *the Firſt*, 1648.

O Bleſſed Lord God, who by thy Wiſdom not only guideſt and ordereſt all

all Things moſt ſuitable to thine own Juſtice, but alſo performeſt thy Pleaſure in ſuch Manner, that we cannot but acknowledge thee to be righteous in all thy Ways, and holy in all thy Works; we thy ſinful People fall down before thee, confeſſing that thy Judgments were right, in permitting wicked Men, this Day to imbrue their Hands in the Blood of thine Anointed; we having drawn down the ſame upon our ſelves, by the great and long Provocation of our Sins againſt thee, for which we do therefore here humble our ſelves before thee, imploring thy Mercy for the Pardon of them all; and that thou wouldeſt deliver this Nation from Blood-guiltineſs, (that of this Day eſpecially) and turn from us and our Poſterity all thoſe Judgments which we by our Sins have deſerved.

And now, O Lord, thou whoſe Righteouſneſs is like the ſtrong Mountains; and thy Judgments like the great Deep; and who by the Matyrdom of thine Anointed, our Sovereign, this Day, hath taught us, that neither the greateſt Kings, nor the beſt of Men, are more ſecure from violent than from natural Death. Teach us alſo hereby ſo to number our Days, that we may apply our Hearts unto Wiſdom; and grant that neither the Splendor of any Thing that is great,

nor the Conceit of any Thing that is good in us, may any Ways withdraw our Eyes from looking upon our ſelves as ſinful Duſt and Aſhes, but that (according to the Example of this thy bleſſed Martyr) we may preſs forward toward the Prize of the high Calling that is before us, in Faith and Patience, Humility and Meekneſs, Mortification and Self-denial, Charity and conſtant Perſeverance unto the End; and we deſire to bleſs thee, O Lord, that thou didſt not leave us for ever, as Sheep without a Shepherd, but by thy gracious Providence did miraculouſly preſerve the undoubted Heir of his Crown from his Enemies, hiding him under the Shadow of thy Wings, until their Tyranny was over-paſt, and bringing him back in thy good appointed Time to ſit in Peace upon the Throne of his Fathers; for theſe thy great and unſpeakable Mercies, we render thee moſt humble and hearty Thanks, from the Bottom of our Hearts; and will always be ſhewing forth thy Praiſe from Generation to Generation, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, *Amen.*

Upon the Twenty Ninth of May, *the Day of King* CHARLES *the Second's Birth, and happy Return.*

NO Voice more ſoft than Thunder *can expreſs*
Our preſent Joy, our paſt Heavineſs.
None can the Largeneſs of this Joy ſet out,
Unleſs at once he makes three Kingdoms *ſhout.*
O therefore, let us jointly all proclaim,
The Praiſe of this great Act, due to the Name
Of him, by whom Kings reign: And oh, that we
Could make our Souls wing'd with Devotion flee
To God on high, in Thankfulneſs and Praiſe,
Who without Blood has crown'd our King with Bays:
Brought from the conquered Nations, which he,
Holds in Submiſſion but to keep them free
From the hard Yoke of Bondage, which of late
So gall'd our Necks, whilſt that we call'd a State,
Was nought but Mad-men ſitting at the Helm;

'Twas a great Bedlam, *which is now a Realm.*
But thoſe bad Times are paſt, this Day we were
Even reſcu'd from the Sword without a War;
Without a War, Great Charles *his Kingdom won,*
Thus ſtrait, when God would have't, the Thing is done.
O may we thankful be, & ſing his Praiſe,
Who from our Cypreſs now, has given us Bays.
May we give GOD *and* Cæſar *all their Due,*
And always Peace and Loyalty purſue.

A Thankſgiving for the 29th of May, *being the Day of his late Majeſty's Birth, and happy Return.*

O Lord God, who by thy divine Providence and Goodneſs, didſt this Day bring into the World, and didſt alſo bring back, and reſtore unto us and to his own juſt and undoubted Right, our late gracious Sovereign K. *CHARLES*: Let us, thine unworthy Servants, make an Oblation of our ſelves unto thee, vowing all holy Obedience in Thought, Word and Work, unto thy divine Majeſty; promiſing

Heaven
Hell

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM

ſing in thee, and for thee, all loyal and dutiful Allegiance to thine Anointed Servant King *GEORGE*, whom we beſeech thee to bleſs with all Increaſe of Grace, Honour, and Happineſs, together with the whole Royal Family, with thy heavenly Spirit, that they ever truſting in thy Goodneſs, protected by thy Power, and crowned with thy gracious and endleſs Favour, may continue before thee in Health, Peace, Joy, and Honour, a long and happy Life upon Earth, and after Death, obtain everlaſting Life and Glory in the Kingdom of Heaven, by the Merits and Mediation of Chriſt Jeſus our Saviour; who with the Father, and the holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth for ever, World without End, *Amen.*

Upon the dreadful Peſtilence, *in the Year,* 1665.

ON the great City of this ſinful Land,
London, *with Wealth and Folk abounding, and*
With Sin, the Cauſe of Woe too, God firſt pour'd
The Brimful Vial of his Wrath, and ſhower'd
His ireful Judgments; there his Angel drew

The Sword of Vengeance, and that People ſlew,
At firſt by Tens, which ſo on to Hundreds come;
Ten thouſand weekly ſent to their long Home.
The frighted Citizens began to fly,
From Houſe & Habitation leſt they dye.
A wrathful Day, a diſmal Time wherein,
Thouſands receive the Wages of their Sin.
Now might you ſee Red Croſſes *there great Store,*
And Lord have Mercy *upon many a Door.*
The Knells of Death continually do ring,
And that ſome doleful Sound of Buriers, Bring
Your Dead out, *Mortal Ear with Terror pierce,*
And now a Cart becomes to many a Herſe:
Now might you ſee all Faces Blackneſs gather,
The Son lamenting for his dying Father:
The Wife for her deceaſed Husband crying,
And Parents mourning for their Children dying,
And ſome who did in ſtately Houſes dwell,
Now gladly creep into a Country Cell.
And others wandring up and down the Fields,
No Town or Village them Admittance yields,

Thus

Thus from the Rod of God poor Sinners fly,
Not from their Crimes, for which they ſmart and dye.
Had you your Sins forſaken when at Home,
You need not thus about the Country roam,
Had you fled from your Sins before as faſt,
You need not from the PLAGUE *have made ſuch Haſte.*

There have been three great *Plagues* in *London* within theſe ſixty Years; and how much greater this laſt was than the former, may appear by this Compariſon.

In the Year 1625.	
Buried of all Diſeaſes	54265
Whereof of the Plague	35417
In the Year 1636.	
Buried of all Diſeaſes	23359
Whereof of the Plague	10400
In the Year 1665.	
Buried of all Diſeaſes	97301
Whereof of the Plague	68586

Of the dreadful Peſtilence *in the Year* 1665.

IT was in the Year of our Lord 1665, that this dreadful *Peſtilence* began in *Lon-*

London, after we had been warned both by a great *Plague* in *Holland*, and other Places that Year before; and by a blazing Star that appeared over the City of *London* a great while together: It was in *May* 1665, that the Sickneſs was firſt taken Notice of by the Bills of Mortality; the firſt Number being nine, one only in the City, and the other eight in the Suburbs; the next Week's Bill mention'd only three, but the next after amounted to fourteeen, the next to ſeventeen, and the next to forty three: This weekly Increaſe began to ſtrike a Conſternation and Fear upon the People; and they were conſidering whither to fly from this dreadful Stroak of the Almighty, which they much doubted was falling upon the City: The Nobility and Gentry, like the great Orbs, move firſt, returning into the Country, who were followed by many others.

In the Month of *June*, the Number increaſed to 112, the next to 168, the next to 267, the next to 470, yet moſt of the Increaſe was in the Out-parts of the City, and few within the Walls, or near; chiefly toward St. *Giles*'s, and St. *Martin*'s *in the Fields*. Now both Rich and Poor provide themſelves either Houſes or Lodging in the Country, and thereby many Houſes are ſhut up in *London*, ſome for

Want

Want of Inhabitants, and others by Reaſon of the Plague, with a *Red-Croſs*, and *Lord have Mercy upon us*, written upon the Door in great Letters; and Watchmen ſtanding before them with Halberts, and a diſmal Solitude about thoſe Places. In *July* it increaſed from 470 in a Week, to 725, the next to 1089, the next to 1843, and the next to 2010; and now the City, as well as Suburbs, is infected; few Pariſhes free, the Highways are throng'd with Goods and Paſſengers, and *London* empties it ſelf into the Country, Fear puts many Thouſands upon the Wing, and thoſe think themſelves moſt ſafe that can fly fartheſt from the City; and yet though the Inhabitants be ſo exceedingly decreaſed, the Number of dying Perſons doth increaſe mightily; and the Country keep Guards at every Town's-end, leſt infectious Perſons ſhould bring the Diſeaſe to them; moſt of the Rich are gone away, the middle Sort will not ſtay behind, but the Poor are forced to ſtay and abide the Storm. Now moſt Faces gather Paleneſs, and what diſmal Apprehenſions do fill the Minds, what dreadful Fears poſſeſs the Spirits of thoſe whoſe Conſciences are full of Guilt, and have not made their Peace with God? The Drunkards, Swearers, and unclean Perſons, are brought into great Streights; they look on the Right-

Right-hand, and the Left; and Death is marching toward them from every Part, and they know not whither to fly, that they may eſcape it. In *Auguſt* the Increaſe is yet more dreadful, from 2010 it riſeth to 2817, and then to 3880 from thence to 4237, then to 6102, of the Plague only, beſides thoſe of other Diſeaſes. In *September*, when by the Seaſon a Decreaſe was expected, yet it raged more terribly, from 6102 it grew to 6988, and tho' it abated a little the next Week to 6544, yet the next Week after the Bill ſwelled to 7165, which was the higheſt it arrived to; a dreadful Bill it was, ſo that of 130 Pariſhes in and about the City, there were but four Pariſhes that were not infected; and in thoſe there were but very few People but what were gone into the Country. Now the Grave doth open its Mouth without Meaſure; Multitudes in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, thronging daily into Eternity; the Church-yards are now ſtuft up with dead Bodies, ſo that in many Places they ſwelled up two or three Foot higher than before, and new Ground about the City is appointed for burying the Dead: There was hardly any going abroad but they ſhould meet with Coffins, and many with their Sores limping in the Streets; ſome Mothers were forced to carry

carry their own Children to the Grave to bury them; the Nights are too ſhort to bury the Dead, the whole Day, though ſo long, is not ſufficient, the Number is ſo great. And now, thoſe Miniſters that remained in the City (for many Miniſters, as well as Phyſicians, were wanting when there was moſt need of them) took Occaſion to be more earneſt and zealous in preſſing Faith and Repentance, and Reformation upon their Hearers, ſince every Sermon was unto them, as if they were preaching their laſt. *Old Time* ſeems now to ſtand at the Head of the Pulpit, with his great *Scythe*, ſaying with a hoarſe Voice, *Work while it is Day, at Night I will mow thee down.* *Grim Death* ſeems to ſtand at the ſide of the Pulpit with his ſharp *Arrow*, ſaying, *Do thou ſhoot God's Arrows, and I will ſhoot mine.* The *Grave* ſeems to lye open at the Foot of the Pulpit, with Duſt in her Boſom.

London, *thy Cry to God, to Men,*
And now fulfil thy Truſt; (*gone,*
Here thou muſt lye, Mouth ſtopt, Breath
And ſilent in the Duſt.

And now there is ſuch a vaſt Concourſe of People in Churches, that the Miniſter cannot many Times come near the Pulpit, and ſuch Seriouſneſs among them, as was very

very extraordinary: O the Tears that dropt from their Eyes when the Judgments of God were denounced! the Tremblings that were upon their Conſciences. And I wiſh that none whom it pleaſed God to ſpare in that dreadful Viſitation of his Wrath, have ſtifled thoſe Convictions, and with the Dog, returned to their Vomit; and with the Sow, have wallowed again in the Mire of their former Sins.

However, it pleaſed the moſt gracious God, in the midſt of his dreadful Judgment, yet to remember his Mercy, for from 7155, who died of the *Plague* only in one Week, there is a Decreaſe to 5538 in the next, which was the latter End of *September*; the next Week, which was in *October*, there was a further Decreaſe to 4622; and the next Week to 4327, then to 2665, next to 1421, then to 1031, but then there was an Increaſe, the firſt Week in *November* to 1414; but the next Week after it again abated to 1050, the next to 642, and the Week after to 333, and ſo it leſſened more and more to the End of the Year, when we had a Bill of 97306, which died of all Diſeaſes, which was about 79000 more than died the Year before, 1664; and the Number of thoſe of the Plague, were reckoned to be 68596 this Year, whereas in the Year before, there were but 6 died in the whole Year,

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM

Death
Iudgment

Year, according to the Bills of Mortality: *Enter not into Judgment with thy Servants, O Lord, for in thy Sight ſhall no Man living be juſtified*, Pſal. 143. 2.

A Prayer in the Time of Peſtilence.

OMnipotent Lord, thou Sin-revenging God, who for Diſobedience didſt threaten thine own People *Iſrael*, to ſmite them in the Knees and in the Legs, with a ſore Botch, that could not be healed; be pleaſed, O thou great offended Lord, in the Bowels of thy Compaſſion, to let thine Anger ceaſe, and to bow down thine Ear to thy ſorrowful Servants; we turn unto thee our weeping Eyes, our dejected Countenances, our wringing Hands, our bended Knees, our mournful Voices, and our groaning Hearts: O merciful God, behold our Tears, and view our Countenances, and look upon our Hands, and ſtrengthen our Knees, and hearken to our Voices, and comfort our Heart. Give us a Sight of our Sins, O Lord, which have thus provoked thee to enter into Judgment with thy Servants, and make us more to loath and tremble at our Wickedneſs, than at theſe Meſſengers of Death; wean us from the Love of Sin, from the Conſideration both of thy Diſpleaſure,

pleaſure, and our own Mortality, and ſpeak Peace and Health unto our Souls, which do every Moment expect our Diſſolution to come. O Lord, thou art a God who can'ſt not abide to behold Unrighteouſneſs; look not therefore with thy wrathful Eye upon us, who are full of Sin and Pollution; but look upon thy Son and his Righteouſneſs; or if thou wilt look upon us, firſt cloath us with the Righteouſneſs of that immaculate Lamb, and ſo ſhalt thou ſee us with Love and Delight, and we ſhall behold thee with unſpeakable Joy: Seal unto our Souls the Remiſſion of our Offences, and then make us willing to reſign our Bodies to thy diſpoſing; yet we know, O Lord, if thou doſt but ſpeak the Word, we ſhall be made whole; and if thou ſay'ſt the Plague ſhall not come near our Habitations, we then know we ſhall be ſafe; if it be thy bleſſed Will, O Lord, let us praiſe thee in the Land of the Living; cleanſe us from our Sin, and take away our Iniquities, and then we need not queſtion but thou wilt take away thy Hand from off us. Hear us, O Lord, for our ſelves, and alſo for thy diſtreſſed People, and hear them for us, and hear thy Chriſt for us all, that to him and thee, and thy bleſſed Spirit, we may render, as is moſt due, all Praiſe, and Glory,

Glory, and Thankſgiving, and Obedience, for evermore, *Amen.*

Upon the Lamentable Fire in *London*, begun *September* 2. 1666.

O Let us ne're forget that dreadful Day,
That in ſad Ruins did our City lay,
When as that blazing & prodigious Fire,
Without Remorſe or Pity did conſpire,
To lay it all in Aſhes; which to ſome
Did repreſent the dreadful Day of Doom,
When all the World with Fire conſum'd ſhall be,
And Time ſhall give Place to Eternity.
Thoſe mighty Flames that were our conqu'ring Foes,
Were far too great for Mortals to oppoſe:
The furious Flames ride on with full Career,
And no Repulſe do either Feel or Fear:
Fling down from Structures, both of Stone and Wood,
And proudly ſcorn their Power ſhould be withſtood.
The Fire marches on, roars, murmurs, rends and raves,
Burying in Sepulchres and Graves;
And with a perverſe envious Mind is bent,
Not to leave ſtanding one fair Monument.

That

That angry Majeſty which in the Year
Six Hundred Sixty Five, by Death did clear,
So many Thouſands by the Peſtilence,
And from their Habitations ſent them thence:
In Sixty Six, *a Woe as great did make,*
And did the Houſes from the Dwellers take.
So this moſt ancient City ruin'd fell,
And ſcarce can any Story parallel,
In any Age, or Country, Town, or Nation,
So ſudden, and ſo great a Devaſtation,
As in three fatal Days to ruinate,
To ſpoil, conſume, deſtroy, depopulate
A Place ſo famous ſo renown'd for Glory,
That 'twas the Mirror both of Age and Story.

THis lamentable Fire began *September* 2. 1666. about one a Clock in the Morning, in a Baker's Houſe in *Pudding-lane*, near *Fiſh-ſtreet-hill*, *London*, which raged extreamly (being blown with a ſtrong *N. E.* Wind) ſo that deſpiſing all Means uſed for its extinguiſhing it ſpread far and wide, ſometimes with and againſt the Wind; and ſo continued for the Space of near 4 Days, till it had burnt down 13200 Houſes, which ſtood upon 337 Acres of Ground within the Walls, and 63 Acres, and 3 Rods without; beſides 89 Pariſh-

Pariſh-Churches, the moſt ſpacious Cathedral of St. *Paul*, ſix conſecrated Chappels, the *Royal Exchange*, the great *Guild-hall*, the *Cuſtom-houſe*, many magnificent Halls of Companies, ſeveral principal City-Gates, and other publick Edifices: which was accompanied with the Loſs of vaſt Quantities of rich Houſhold-ſtuff, and Goods of all Sorts, but eſpecially of four or five Sorts of Commodities, *viz.* Books (of which alone was loſt near the Value of 150000 *l.*) Tobacco, Sugar, Wine, and Plumbs, being heavy Goods, ſo that the whole Loſs is computed by an ingenious Perſon to be nine Millions and nine Thouſand Pounds, and yet by God's Providence, not above ſix or eight Perſons were burnt in that vaſt Incendy.

A Prayer for the 2d of September, *the Beginning of that lamentable Fire in* London, 1666.

HOly Lord God, we muſt confeſs thou haſt found out the Iniquity of thy Servants, and haſt diſcovered our Nakedneſs and Pollution, in a Vengeance ſuited and anſwerable to our grievous crying Sins, our Pride, Oppreſſion, and Fulneſs of Bread, have made us like unto *Sodom*, and thou haſt afflicted us like *Gomorrah*; we would not be reclaimed by the

the exemplary Puniſhment upon others, or our ſelves, and therefore thou haſt made us a Terror and an Aſtoniſhment to all that are round about us; yet, O Lord, we muſt needs acknowledge that thou art juſt in all that is come upon us, for thou haſt done right, but we have done wickedly; yet conſider, O Lord, we are thy People, though a rebellious and unthankful People; ſuffer us therefore to implore thy Pity, and the ſounding of the Bowels; and for thy Name's Sake, and Mercies Sake, incline thine Ear to us, and ſave us; and above all, we beſeech thee leave us not to our ſelves, but by what Method ſoever it ſhall pleaſe thee to reduce us, though to this Cup of trembling thou ſhalt add more and more grievous Afflictions, by any the ſevereſt Courſe; ſubdue us unto thy ſelf, and make us ſee the Things belonging to our Peace, before they be hid from our Eyes; that being only humbled under thy mighty Hand, we may be capable of being relieved and exalted in thine own Time.

And now, we bleſs and magnify thy Name, O Lord, for that wonderful Mercy thou haſt vouchſafed us in the midſt of thy juſt and dreadful Judgments. It is of thy Goodneſs that we are not conſumed, that when we had provok'd thee to give us all up to utter Ruin and Deſolation,

ſolation, and thy Hand was ſtretched out to execute thy whole Diſpleaſure upon us, yet thou haſt preſerved a Remnant, and plucked us as a Brand out of the Fire, that we ſhould not utterly periſh in our Sins; add, we beſeech thee, one Mercy more to all that thou haſt hitherto ſo unſucceſsfully caſt away upon us, and by thy convincing Spirit awaken our ſleepy Conſciences, ſoften and melt our hard Hearts, that being humbled by thy Chaſtiſement, we may by thy Goodneſs be led to Repentance, and ſin no more, leſt a worſe Thing come unto us; therefore let us faithfully improve this Reſpite and Relief, with all its precious Advantages and Opportunities, to a thankful, humble, and profitable walking before thee, that ſo thy Name may be glorify'd, the Goſpel credited, and our Souls ſaved in the Day of the Lord. Grant this, O Father, for Jeſus Chriſt's Sake, our only Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Upon a Sea-Fight.

Methinks I ſee the ſwelling Billows boil,
Heat by the Fire that doth from Guns recoil.
The roaring Guns which pierce the parting Air,
With Terror we on Land far diſtant hear.
They ſhake the maſſy Earth, and Thunder-like,
Houſes and Windows, into Trembling ſtrike:

And

And each Broad-side which strikes my Ear I think,
Now a Ship with braver Men doth sink
Enraged Mortals striving to out-vye
Thundring and Lightning in the lofty Sky;
Blood from the reeking Decks into the Main,
Pours down like Water in a Shower of Rain;
Discolouring the Ocean by its Fall,
As if 'twould turn into a Red Sea *all;*
Fire-ships set all on Flames, and make a Show,
As Subterranean Fires were from below.
Broke through the Waves, and one would think no doubt,
Fire strove to drink up Sea, Sea to put out
The Fire, and Men by their contentious Action,
Put all the Elements into Distraction;
Now on the Deck some Shriek with painful Wounds,
And others sinking are in deadly Sounds;
Here a Commander falls, the Opponents hallow,
The Soldiers soon in Death their Leaders follow.
Here from torn Shoulders flies an Arm, and there
From shatter'd Thigh, a Leg the Bullets tear.
Here flies a Head off, one Mans Brains are dasht
Full in the next Man's Face, his Bowels pash
On his next Neighbour; a Third was found
Groaning his Soul out in a wide-mouth'd Wound,
Their Bullets fierce drive a Heart out which dies
To Mortals Rage, a bloody Sacrifice;
Good Lord, how will Heaven quietly hold those Souls,
Who just now were here such deadly Foes?

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM

London in Flames.

A Prayer in Time of War.

ALmighty Lord God, thou art he only which giveſt Victory, to thee it is all one to ſave by many or few: Thou canſt make one to chaſe a Thouſand, thou canſt cauſe the Hearts even of the moſt violent to melt, their Hands to be weak, their Minds to faint, and their Knees to fall away like Water; if thou fight for us, we cannot miſcarry; if thou favour us not, we muſt needs be diſcomforted: O be gracious unto us, and be on our Side, now that Men are riſen up againſt us. Go but, O Lord, with our Navies and Armies; give Wiſdom and Courage to our Captains, gird them with Strength unto the Battle; be thou with our Sea-men and Soldiers, teaching their Hands to war, and their Fingers to fight: Aſſiſt their Conſultations, proſper their Policies, crown their Enterprizes with good Succeſs, which are undertaken for the common Good and Comfort of the State. Doubtleſs, O Lord, we deſerve thine Anger, and our Sins cry aloud in thine Ear for Vengeance: And it were but juſt with thee, if thou ſhouldſt make us a Prey and Spoil unto our Enemies; but O gracious God, let us now fall into

thy Hands, for thy Mercies are great, and let us not fall into the Hands of Men; let it appear that thou art in the midſt of us, and that we ſhall not be moved; that thou wilt help us, and that very early: And in thy due Time ſet thou Peace in our Borders, and make ſtrong the Bars of our Gates; eſpecially, let the Goſpel of thy Son ſound yet louder among us, that by it many Souls may be gathered unto thee; ſo we thy People, and the Sheep of thy Paſture, ſhall praiſe thee for ever, and from Generation to Generation, we will ſet forth thy Glory, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord and only Saviour. *Amen.*

A Thankſgiving for our late Deliverance from Popiſh *Tyranny and* French *Slavery, by his late Majeſty King* William.

O Moſt glorious and gracious God, we do acknowledge before thee, to thy Glory, that never any Nation had greater Experience of thy Goodneſs, by giving us the Light of the Goſpel, and delivering us ſo often by ſo many Miracles of Mercy, from the Hands of our cruel and malicious Enemies of the *Romiſh* Faction, and that thou haſt lately been pleaſed

ſed to raiſe up thy Servant King *William*, to be a Deliverer to us in the Day of our Diſtreſs, and by his Means to reſcue us from popiſh Tyranny, for which we glorifie thy holy Name. We humbly beſeech thee, make us thankful for him, whom thy gracious Providence made the happy Inſtrument of our Preſervation, and give us Grace to live worthy of theſe Mercies, in all thankful Obedience to thee, and in dutiful Subjection to his Majeſty, whom thou haſt ſet over us: Turn us from all our evil Ways, and, O thou, our gracious God, be thou reconciled to us, for the Sake of thy dear Son our Saviour; own us for thy People, and be continually our Defence againſt all the Enemies of thy true Religion eſtabliſhed amongſt us, that ſo living ſafe under thy Protection, and walking worthy of thee unto all well-pleaſing, we may for ever glorifie thy holy Name, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer in Time of Proſperity.

HEavenly Father, Lord of Plenty, thou who haſt created the World by thy Power, and continueſt thy Love in thy Providence and Protection; to thee do I render Thanks for my Plenty, and to thee

do I offer the Service of my Store; what I have is thine, for the Earth is thine and all that therein is, the Compaſs of the World, and they that dwell therein; it is thou only that giveſt a Bleſſing to the Fruits of the Land, to the Corn, to the Wine, and to the Oil. It is thou only that commandeſt thy Bleſſings in the Store-houſes, and in all that thy Servants do ſet their Hands unto: Lord, make me one of thy faithful Servants, that what thou haſt ſent me, may be a Teſtimony of thy Love, and not of thy Hatred; make me always to magnifie thee in the Time of Plenty, and not to be high-minded, nor truſt in uncertain Riches, but in thee the living God; who giveſt me all Things richly to enjoy: O ſuffer me not to treaſure up the deceitful Riches of this ſinful World, as thereby forgetting to be rich towards thee; but as from thy Bounty I receive theſe temporal Bleſſings, ſo in thy Mercy make me abound in Grace; that always having Sufficiency in all Things, I may abound in every good Work.

In this my Proſperity prepare me for Adverſity, if it ſhall pleaſe thee at any Time to ſend it unto me; give me a Senſe of the Afflictions of many of thy Saints and diſtreſſed Servants, and enlarge my Heart, that I may be ready and forward to contribute to their Neceſſities; make

me

me to ſhew Mercy with Cheerfulneſs, and to poſſeſs with Thankfulneſs what thou ſendeſt unto me, that I may neither forget thee in thy poor Members, nor deny thee to be the Giver; let me never ſtop mine Ears at the Cries of the Diſtreſſed, who beg for Relief in the Name of thy ſelf. Thou Chriſt, who wert rich, didſt for my Sake become poor, that ſo through thy Poverty thou might'ſt make me rich: Lord make me as willing to be poor for thy Sake, always conſidering that the Vanities of the Earth, are not worthy to be compared to the Glory that ſhall be revealed. Make me labour for heavenly Riches, and for the Ornament of the hidden Man of the Heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit, which is in thy Sight of great Price: Make me, O heavenly Father, rich in thy ſelf, rich in good Works, and in Faith; make me to buy of the Gold tried in the Fire, that I may be rich; and white Raiment, that I may be cloathed, that the Shame of my Nakedneſs may not appear. Let me always remember the great Account, which one Day I muſt render to thee, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, that ſo I may ſerve thee here with my Subſtance in my Body, and in my Soul with Zeal and Devotion, and hereafter be received to thine ever-

laſting Glory, through the Merits of the Son of thy Boſom, Jeſus Chriſt, my only Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

A Prayer in Time of Adverſity.

FAther of Pity, and Lord of Comfort, thou that heareſt the Cry of the Afflicted, look down in Mercy on a diſtreſſed Sinner; thy Hand, O God, is heavy upon me, for thou haſt taken from me what I called mine, by Reaſon that I did not call it thine: O Lord, thou knoweſt my bleeding Heart, my ſorrowful Eyes, and my mourning Tears; thou ſeeſt how poor I am, and what Miſeries I ſuffer; I am a Scorn to my Neighbours, and a Deriſion to thoſe that are round about me. My Life is become a Burthen unto me, becauſe thou haſt deprived me of the Comforts thereof; my Lovers and my Acquaintance ſtand looking upon my Miſery, and my Kinſmen ſtand afar off. Lord, if it be thy Pleaſure thus to humble me, let it be thy Goodneſs to give me Patience to endure it; the Pride of my Heart, and my Forgetfulneſs of thee in the Time of Plenty, did cry aloud for thy ſevereſt Puniſhments: Now, O now, I feel thy juſt Diſpleaſure, and groan under the Burthen and Weight thereof; yet thou, O Lord, canſt eaſe me, thou canſt reſtore me;

me; hear, O Lord, and have Mercy: Lord, be thou my Helper; ſuffer me no more to rely upon the Arm of Fleſh, or to put my Truſt in uncertain Riches, but make me for ever to depend upon thy Bounty; forgive me, O Father, the Sins which I have committed when I lived in Proſperity, for I am ſenſible, that they are a Cauſe why at this Time thou hideſt thy Face from me, and cauſed me to be troubled: O give me a Sight and Senſe of the Greatneſs of them, and true Contrition and Sorrow for them, that ſo tho' the World forſake me, I may yet find Favour and Mercy in thy Sight: Without thy Aſſiſtance, this ſore Burthen is too heavy for me to bear: Lord, either remove it from me, or make it eaſier for me to bear: Lend me thy gracious, and helping Hand, that as I am ſcourged with thy Rod, ſo I may lean upon thy Staff. Let me never deſpair of thy comfortable Relief, but in all my Miſeries be thou my Refuge; be pleaſed to endue me with Patience from above, that I may give no Advantage to the Tempter in my Suffering; open the Eyes and the charitable Hands of thoſe that ſhall ſee and know mine Adverſity, and ſo enlarge their Hearts, that they may adminiſter Relief and Comfort to me, in the midſt of my Neceſſities.

O thou, that feedeſt the young Ravens which call upon thee; thou that didſt bleſs the Pulſe to thy Servant *David*, be pleaſed to fill my hungry Soul with the Bleſſings of thy Bounty: Grant, that whatſoever I ſuffer in my Body, my Soul may thereby draw near unto thee; in the Miſery of Hunger, do thou ſatisfy me with thy Grace; in my ſcorching Thirſt, do thou cauſe me with Joy to draw Water out of the Wells of Salvation; in the pinching Cold, do thou warm my Devotion; and in my pooreſt and meaneſt Habit do thou cloath me with the Righteouſneſs of my Redeemer. O ſuffer me not to offend thee in my greateſt Want, but make me rely and depend upon thee. Teach me by this Chaſtiſement the Vanity of the World, and wean me from the fond Delights thereof, and carry me ſo through the Storms of this troubleſome Life, that in the End I may arrive at the happy Haven of eternal Peace and Reſt, through the Merits and Paſſion of Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord and only Saviour. *Amen.*

A Prayer before the Receiving of the Sacrament.

O Moſt Gracious and Merciful Lord God, thou haſt called all thoſe that are

The Return of the Gospel.
The Spanish Invasion 1588.

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM

are weary and heavy laden with their Sins to come unto thee, and haſt promiſed to eaſe and refreſh them; thou haſt invited all thoſe that hunger and thirſt after thy Kingdom, and the Righteouſneſs thereof, to come to thy Table, to taſte of thy Supper, and haſt promiſed that thou wilt ſatisfie them; in Aſſurance therefore of theſe Promiſes I come unto thee, bleſſed Lord Jeſus, beſeeching thee to eaſe me, to refreſh me, to ſatisfie me with thy Mercy, for my Soul hungers and thirſts after thee, and thy Salvation; I confeſs, and acknowledge, that my daily Sins have made me unworthy of my daily Bread, much more of this Manna, this Bread of Life that came down from Heaven.

I confeſs, O Lord, I am not prepared according to the Preparation of thy Sanctuary, yet for as much as this Day I have ſet my Heart to ſeek thee, thou, O God, be merciful unto me, and though I cannot bring with me a clean Heart (for who can ſay his Heart is clean?) Yet, behold, O Lord, I bring with me a contrite Heart, and a broken Spirit; deſpiſe not, O God, this Sacrifice; as for the Sins I have committed againſt thee, bind them up into one Bundle, and caſt them into the bottomleſs Sea of thy Mercy, bury them in thy Wounds, and waſh them away in the Blood of that immaculate Lamb, Chriſt

Jeſus, and for the Time to come, ſprinkle my Conſcience with the ſame Blood, that being cleanſed from dead Works, I may ſerve thee the living God, in Righteouſneſs and true Holineſs, all the Days of my Life; that ſo this bleſſed Sacrament may be a Means to quiet my Conſcience, to increaſe my Faith, to inflame my Charity, to amend my Life, to ſave my Soul, and to aſſure me that I am of the Number of thoſe bleſſed ones who ſhall eat at thy Table, and be called to the Marriage-Supper of the Lamb. Grant this, O Lord, for Jeſus Chriſt's Sake; in whoſe Name and Words, I conclude theſe my imperfect Prayers, ſaying as he himſelf hath taught me: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer after the Receiving of the Sacrament.

O Moſt gracious GOD, from whoſe Bounty every good and perfect Gift is derived, I, and all that is within me, praiſe, and magnifie thy holy Name, for all thy Mercies and Favours, which from Time to Time, thou haſt beſtowed upon me: But eſpecially, I thank thee for Jeſus Chriſt thy Son, the Fountain and Foundation of all Bleſſings and Benefits, that thou haſt ſent him into the World to take

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our Nature upon him, and to die for us: And that thou haſt fed me, who am unworthy of the leaſt of thy Favours, with the precious Merits of his Death and Paſſion. Bleſſed Lord GOD, thou haſt been pleaſed this Day, to ſet thy Seal to the Pardon and Forgiveneſs of all my Sins: Oh let me not loſe it again by Unthankfulneſs, or relapſing into my old Sins, from which thou haſt purged me, leſt my laſt End be worſe than my Beginning. But if hereafter I ſhall be tempted by the Devil, allured by the World, or provoked by my own Fleſh, then ſet before mine Eyes, by the Remembrance of thy Spirit, how dear the Expiation of my Sins coſt my Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, even the Effuſion of his moſt precious and holy Blood, that in the Contemplation of his Death, and Application of his moſt bitter Paſſion, I may die daily unto Sin, and ſo may ſhew forth the Lord's Death 'till he come, and bring his Reward with him, I may receive the Crown of Righteouſneſs, which he hath purchaſed and prepared for all thoſe that love, and expect the Day of his Appearing, with the precious Price of his incorruptible Blood. And whereas I have this Day renewed my Covenant with thee my God, in Vows and Purpoſes of better Obedience, aſſiſt me by thy Grace, and ſtrengthen me by

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thy Power, that I may pay the Vows which I have made unto thee, and that by Virtue of thy heavenly Nouriſhment, I may grow up in Grace and Godlineſs, till at laſt I come to be a perfect Man in Chriſt Jeſus.

Preſerve, and maintain always this thine Ordinance, that it may be a Note, and a Badge of my publick Profeſſion, and give unto all of us, that have been Partakers of thy Body and Blood, one Heart, and one Mind, in the Unity of Spirit, for the worthy and reverend Receiving of the ſame, whenſoever we ſhall come to thy holy Table again, and for this thy Mercy towards me, do I yield unto thee all Praiſe, and Glory, and Wiſdom, and Thanks, and Honour, and Power, and Might, and Majeſty, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord; in whoſe moſt bleſſed Name and Words, I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

The Prayer of a Virgin.

BLeſſed Lord, Son of a Virgin, who didſt honour Virginity, when thou tookeſt our Nature, hearken to the Cries of a lamenting Maid; Lord, I am not worthy to come unto thee; I am not worthy to receive any Favour from thee, for I have forſaken thee my moſt indulgent Husband, and have followed other Lovers. My Soul

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is too much polluted to be called thine, too often have I broke my Vows and Promiſes, to hope for thy Love, or thy gracious Pardon: But Lord, what ſhall I now do? If yet I ſhall fall into a Deſpair of thy Mercies, I ſhould increaſe my Diſloyalty, and either deny, or deſpiſe the Power of thy Paſſion. So great was thy Love to the Church thy Spouſe, that thou gaveſt thy ſelf to ſanctifie, and cleanſe it by the waſhing of Water by thy Word. My Soul, O Chriſt, is a Member of thy Spouſe, be pleaſed, O Jeſus, ſo to ſanctifie and waſh my Soul, that thou may'ſt preſent it to thy ſelf, without Spot or Wrinkle, both holy and blameleſs.

O thou, who haſt opened a Fountain to the Houſe of *David*, and to the Inhabitants of *Jeruſalem*, for Sin and for Uncleanneſs, do thou waſh me thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanſe me from my Sin. And Lord, as in Mercy, thou haſt given me Chaſtity of Body, ſo give me likewiſe Chaſtity of Mind and Purity of Soul; ſuffer not either the Fleſh or the Devil, by their wicked Suggeſtions, to ſeduce me to Uncleanneſs; and tho' I am but a weak, and an earthen Veſſel, yet be thou pleaſed to make me a choſen Veſſel, a Veſſel of Mercy; cauſe me to keep my Body holy, and to poſſeſs it in Sanctification and Honour, and not in the

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Luſt of Concupiſcence, like the *Gentiles* which know thee not: O be thou my Father in the Grace of Adoption, be thou my Brother in thy Pity and Compaſſion, be thou my Husband in thy Love and Affection, and be thou my Jeſus in the Salvation of my ſinful Soul.

Arm me with Conſtancy againſt all Aſſaults of carnal Imaginations; give me Modeſty in my Countenance, Decency in my Apparel, Civility in my Behaviour, Sobriety in my Diſcourſe, and Contentedneſs in my Condition; make me obedient to my Parents, reſpectful to my Superiors, courteous to my Inferiors, and loving unto all. Let not my Adorning be outward of putting on Apparel; but give me that Wiſdom which is from above, to be as an Ornament of Grace unto my Head, and as Chains about my Neck; preſerve, O Chriſt, both my Body and Soul in Chaſtity and Honour, while I am here upon Earth, as becometh a Virgin eſpouſed to thy ſelf; and when my Duſt ſhall return to the Earth as it was, let my Spirit return unto thy ſelf who gaveſt it, and to thee let it ſing that new Song with the Quiver of Virgins, before thy Throne for ever and ever. *Amen.*

A Prayer for a Marryed Woman.

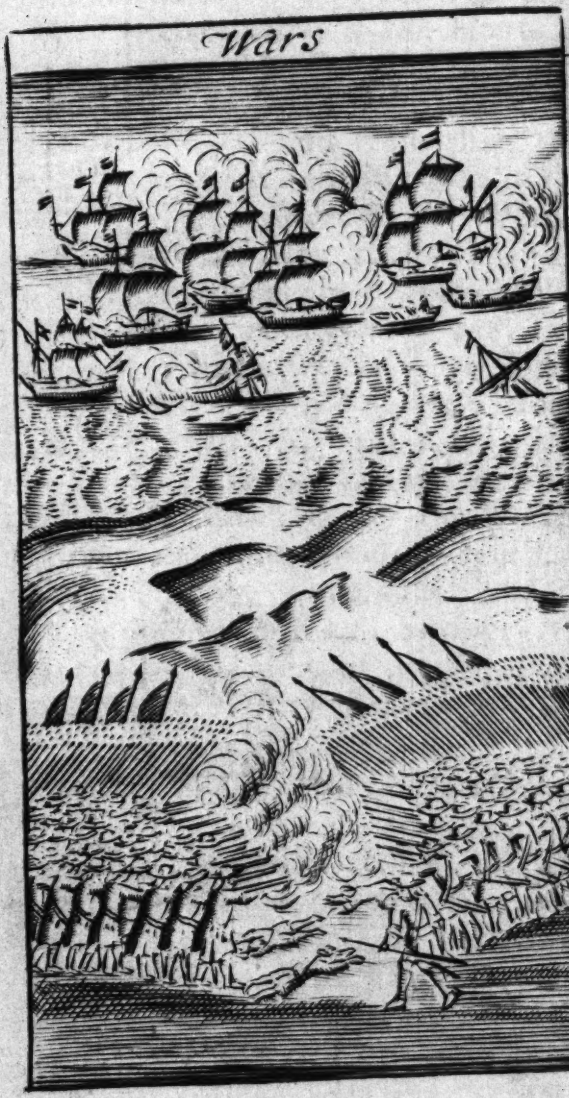
ALmighty Lord, and Everlaſting Father, who haſt been pleaſed to vouchſafe me the Bleſſings of this Life, and to give me my Deſires both in an Husband and Children, be pleaſed to give me a thankful Heart for theſe thy Mercies: It is thy Goodneſs, and not my Merit, that I have received from thee theſe Bleſſings of thy Bounty. Juſtly, O juſtly mighteſt thou at once deprive me of theſe Comforts, becauſe I have neglected my Obedience to the one, and my Care of the other. Humbly, O my God, I confeſs my Failings, and I am ſorry for my Offences; Lord, be gracious to me thy Servant, and let me teſtify my Thankfulneſs in my induſtrious Care to perform my Duties; be thou ſtill the Protector, and the gracious Defender both of me and mine. Bleſs him whom thou haſt ſet over me, and grant that he may dwell with me, according to Knowledge, that ſo we being Heirs together of the Grace of Life, our Prayers may not be hindred; as thou haſt made me a fruitful Vine by the Walls of his Houſe, ſo make me endeavour to be fruitful in good Works, and increaſe in the Knowledge of thee my God. Let thoſe Olive-

Olive-branches about my Table be every one like the green Olive in the Houſe of thee my God, and truſt in thy Mercy for ever and ever. Make me to my Husband a prudent Wife, as ſent from thee, that he may rejoice with me, the Wife of his Youth. And to this Purpoſe ſet a Watch, O Lord, before my Mouth, and keep the Door of my Lips, make me a gracious Woman retaining Honour, that I may be a Crown to my Husband, and a wiſe Woman, labouring to build up my Houſe and Family; and a vertuous Woman, fearing thee: Hear me, O my God, and grant me my Petitions, for the Worthineſs of him who is an indulgent Husband to his Spouſe the Church, even Jeſus Chriſt, my only Lord and Saviour; in whoſe bleſſed Name and Words, I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Woman with Child.

MOſt Merciful and Gracious God, who wilt not turn away thine Ear from thoſe that call upon thee in Sincerity and Truth, look down with an Eye of Pity and Compaſſion upon thy unworthy Servant; I muſt confeſs my Sins are very great, and ſo is my Danger which is at Hand; my Pains to come will be grievous, and my Life is now moſt uncertain: Aſſure me,

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM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me, I beſeech thee, of the Forgiveneſs of ll my Sins, mitigate my Fears and Sor-ows, ſtrengthen me with the Comforts f thy Spirit, confirm me in the Faith of ny Saviour, and bleſs all good Means ppointed for my Comfort, that in due ime I may be a joyful Mother, and ſee he Fruit of my Body, ſafe, ſound, and erfect, without Blemiſh or Deformity.

O Lord, I know not how ſoon my Tra-ail will ſteal on me, when I muſt fight he Battle of Life and Death, one Drop of hy Mercy hath ſovereign Power to cure ll the Wounds of thoſe Sorrows; ſhed herefore, O holy Father, that Drop of Grace upon me, in that Minute when I m to encounter with ſo ſtern an Adver-ary; ſtrengthen me with Patience, bleſs ne that I periſh not; bleſs the Work of ny Midwife, let not the Child yet un-orn, the Babe in my Womb, be puniſh-d for mine Offences, but give it Growth, ive it Nouriſhing and Form, and when he Time is come, that thou wilt call it ut of this cloſe Houſe of Fleſh, where it ow inhabiteth, to dwell in the open Vorld, ſanctifie thy Creature, make it y Baptiſm a Member of thy Church, a amb of thy Flock, and direct it in the Vays of Godlineſs to its Lives End, and all hrough Jeſus Chriſt our Lord; in whoſe

bleſſed

bleſſed Words, I continue to pray: *Our Father*, &c.

The Prayer of a Woman in the Time of her Travail.

O My Lord, and my God, my heavenly Father, my merciful Jeſus, upon whom I depend in the Midſt of my Anguiſh, hoping in thy wonted Mercies; bow down thine Ear, and hearken unto the Cries of a pained Woman: Unto thee, O Lord, do I cry, thou art my Refuge and my Portion in the Land of the Living; attend therefore unto my Cry, for I am brought very low; conſider mine Affliction, and deliver me, for I do not forget thy Law; all my Deſire is before thee, and my Groaning is not hid from thee; in thee do I truſt, who art the living God, who art the Saviour of all, eſpecially of them that believe: I love thee, O Lord my Strength, thou art my Rock, and my Fortreſs, my Strength in whom I truſt, my Buckler, the Horn of my Salvation, and my high Tower: O ſave me now in this heavy Diſtreſs, and deliver thy Servant; hear me, O Lord, in this Day of Trouble; O God of *Jacob*, defend me; give an happy End to theſe my Torments, that I may enjoy the Fruit of

of my Womb, for which I ſuffer them. O Lord, in Mercy, if it may ſtand with thy eternal Decree, preſerve both my Life, and the Life of my Iſſue; arm me with Patience to undergo theſe Pangs, and in the End give me Comfort in what thou ſhalt ſend me; but if otherwiſe thou haſt determined to end my Life by theſe heavy Torments, O my ſweet, and merciful Jeſus, receive me into thy Boſom, that I may paſs from Miſery to eternal Happineſs. Hear, O Lord, and have Mercy upon me and mine, and grant my Petitions, for the Worthineſs of that moſt merciful Son of a Woman, thine only begotten Son Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, and only Saviour; in whoſe moſt holy Name and Words, I pray: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Woman after her Delivery.

O Merciful God, and heavenly Father, who haſt now moſt eſpecially made known unto me, that thou art able to do more exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think; make me thankfully to rejoice in the Works of thy Love, and thy tender Mercy; thy Favours are great and wonderful in ſparing the Life of my ſelf and my Infant, and freeing me from my

my Pangs, and it from the Darkneſs of the ſilent Womb.

Thine, O Lord, is the Power by which I am delivered; thine is the Mercy by which I am ſafely returned into my Bed; thine is the Work of the Frame and Faſhion of this my Babe; thine therefore ſhall be likewiſe the Glory for ever and ever: Grant, bleſſed Father, that I may never forget thy Goodneſs, but may expreſs my Thankfulneſs in new Obedience. Make me careful to perform what Service I promiſed thee in the Extremity of mine Anguiſh: As thou haſt given me the Fruit of my Body, to the Joy of my Heart, ſo give me the Fruit of Righteouſneſs ſown in Peace. Give me Wiſdom which is from above, that is full of good Works without Hypocriſy. Lord, make me thy Servant by Grace, and make this Child thy Child by Adoption and Mercy; give me Comfort in its Life, for the Sorrows which I endur'd at its Birth. Give thy Bleſſing on the Means for the Nouriſhment of this Child. Give it Strength, that it may live to receive the Seal of thy Mercy in the Laver of Baptiſm; and do thou be preſent with thy Bleſſing, when the Sign ſhall be adminiſtred. O let it live if it be thy bleſſed Will, and grow up in Wiſdom, and in Stature, and in Grace, both with thee and with Men, that

that ſo I may magnifie thy Name, for making me an Inſtrument to propagate the Number of thine Elect. Take Pity upon all that ſuffer Afflictions, eſpecially on thoſe Women who are in Labour with Children; give them Comfort in the Time of their Miſeries, Eaſe from their Torment, Joy in their deſired Iſſue, and Thankfulneſs for thy Bleſſings; Lord, grant that both I and they may ſing Praiſes to thy Name, for the Greatneſs of our Deliverance, and expreſs our Thanks in our godly Lives, that when this painful Life ſhall have an End, we may ſing triumphantly in eternal Glory, through Jeſus Chriſt our only Lord and Saviour; in whoſe moſt bleſſed Name and Words, I conclude my imperfect Prayers, ſaying as he himſelf hath taught me:

Our Father, &c.

The Prayer of a Widow.

O God, in the Knowledge of whom is the Perfection of all Joy, at whoſe Right-hand are Pleaſures for evermore; thou makeſt the Comforts of this Life momentary, that we may not over-prize them, and yet haſt made them requiſite, that we may not under-value them: I, a late hater of this World's Happineſs, but now

now a ſad Witneſs of its Vanity, do here addreſs my ſelf to thee, the only Crown of all my Joys, in whom there is no Variableneſs, nor Shadow of Change. Lord, thou did give me what my Unthankfulneſs hath taken from me; but thou haſt taken from me what thy Goodneſs haſt promiſed to ſupply; thou haſt given, and thou haſt taken, bleſſed be thy Name for ever. Then thou, O God, who art not leſs able to perform, than willing to promiſe; whoſe Mercy is more ready to beſtow, than my Miſery is to beg; ſtrengthen my Faith, that I may believe thy Promiſe; encourage my Hopes, that I may expect thy Performance; quicken my Affections, that I may love the Promiſer; be thou all in all unto me, that am nothing without thee; ſweeten my Miſery with the Senſe of thy Mercy, and enlighten my Darkneſs with the Sun of thy Glory; ſeal in my Heart the Aſſurance of Adoption, that I may with Boldneſs call thee my Father, ſanctifie my Affections with the Spirit of Meekneſs, that my Converſation may teſtifie that I am thy Child. Wean my Heart from worldly Sorrows, leſt I mourn like thoſe that have no Hope: Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our Marriage-Chamber be my Heart; own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the Odors of thy Spirit, preſent me with thy Bleſſing,

Bleſſing, protect me by thy Grace, preſerve me for thy ſelf, and prepare me for thy Kingdom; be thou a Father to bleſs me; be thou a Husband to comfort me: In the Midſt of my Want, be thou my Plenty; in the Depth of my Mourning, be thou my Mirth; raiſe my Glory from the Duſt, and then my Duſt ſhall ſhew forth thy Praiſe; ſupply all my Wants, for the Sake of Jeſus Chriſt my bleſſed Lord; in whoſe moſt holy Words, I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

The Prayer of an Orphan.

ALmighty God, and heavenly Father, who art a Lord of Comfort, and a God of Conſolation, look down upon a ſinful and diſtreſſed Orphan, bereft of the Joy and Help of earthly Parents; it was my own Unworthineſs (of ſo loving Parents) that hath made thee to take them away from mine Eyes; my Diſobedience to their Command, and my neglect of honouring them according to thy Laws, hath provoked thee to anger, and to deprive me of them: O Lord, forgive me my Offences, and remember thy Promiſes which thou haſt made unto the Fatherleſs, and that I may be capable of thoſe thy Promiſes, give me Grace to become thy Child

Child by Obedience. Thou, O Lord, art my Father, to whom belongeth Honour; thou art my Maſter, and requireſt me to fear thee; Lord, make me afraid to offend thee, who art a righteous Judge; and make me love and honour thee, who art a gracious Father; be with me in all the Ways wherein I ſhall walk in this mortal Life. Comfort me in my Sorrows, ſupport me in my Miſeries, provide for me in my Wants, and in all Places, and at all Times be thou my Father, my Rock, and my ſtrong Salvation; do thou defend the Poor and Fatherleſs, do Juſtice to the Afflicted and Needy: Supply all my Wants, and confer upon me all neceſſary Bleſſings: O be reconciled unto me in the Blood of thy Son, that I may here depend upon thy fatherly Protection, and may hereafter be received into thy heavenly Kingdom, there to reign with thee, World without End, through Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord and Saviour; in whoſe moſt bleſſed Name and Words, I conclude my imperfect Prayers; ſaying as he himſelf hath taught me: *Our Father*, &c.

The Prayer of a Mariner.

MOſt glorious and eternal God, whoſe Power and Wiſdom is infinite, and whoſe Dominion is without End; thou canſt

The Kings Returne.

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM

canſt order and diſpoſe of thy poor Creatures to thy own Praiſe, and to their Souls Comfort; be pleaſed to look down from Heaven, the Habitation of thy Dwelling Place, and take Notice of the broken Requeſt of a poor Worm in thy Preſence, that is not worthy to take thy Name into his Lips: Lord, I may well ſay, What is Man, that thou art mindful of him; or the Son of Man, that thou ſhouldſt viſit him? that thou ſhouldſt compaſs him about with Loving-kindneſs as with a Garment? The divine Architecture of this goodly Fabrick of Heaven and Earth, raiſed out of nothing to this admirable Perfection, is beyond the Apprehenſion of poor ſinful Duſt and Aſhes; but to behold thy glorious Works upon the deep Waters, is much more admirable; theſe declare thy glorious Power: O bleſſed Lord, vouchſafe thy Preſence with a poor ſinful Creature in this Undertaking, that I may praiſe thee in the vaſt Ocean; be a Preſerver from the Danger of the Seas, and proſper what is lawfully undertaken; but eſpecially preſerve me from the Danger of Sin. O let the Gales of thy gracious Spirit blow up my Soul at laſt to its deſired Harbour.

O thou that carrieſt the Winds in thy Fiſt, ſo take Care of me, that the Waves of the Sea, or of worldly Deſires may not

ſwallow me up; and return me home in Safety, that I may bleſs thee in the Land of the Living, and in the Congregation of thy People; and all this, and whatſoever elſe is needful, I ask, for the Sake of Jeſus Chriſt my Lord; to whom with the holy Spirit of Grace, be Glory and Honour now and ever. *Amen.*

The Thankſgiving of a Mariner after a proſperous Voyage.

EVerlaſting God, the powerful Preſerver of Men, there are no Bounds to be ſet to thy Bounty; for beſides the great Work of thy Creation, thy continual Preſervations and wonderful Works of Providence declare thee to be a God of Might, Power, ſo alſo of Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Juſtice and Truth. Oh, never to be enough magnify'd is thy Mercy, for the Continuance of thy Favours; thou never leaveſt nor forſakeſt thoſe that put their Truſt in thee. O holy Lord, what ſhall I render unto thee, that ſo aboundeſt in Love and Mercy; in the Deep, the Lord hath been ſeen; and every Morning thou preventeſt me with thy Loving-kindneſs; and though Sin hath abounded, yet thy Grace hath ſuper-abounded. Thou doſt fulfil the Deſires of them that fear thee. Oh, now as thou haſt given me

a new Life, and delivered me from the Dangers and Terrors of the deep Waters, ſo be graciouſly pleaſed to give me a thankful Heart; let there be in me hungring and thirſting after Righteouſneſs, that I may be brought home at laſt to that Land of promiſed Bleſſedneſs. Good Lord, do this, and what elſe thou ſeeſt needful, for the Sake of Jeſus Chriſt thy Son our Lord; in whoſe moſt bleſſed Name and Words I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer to be uſed by all Chriſtians.

O Almighty, everlaſting God, and moſt gracious, and dear loving Father, I beſeech thee, for Jeſus Chriſt's Sake, thy moſt dear and only Son, to have Mercy, Pity, and Compaſſion, upon a moſt vile, wretched and miſerable Sinner, whoſe innumerable Offences, both old and new, are grievous and great, by which I have juſtly deſerved thy grievous Wrath and everlaſting Damnation. But now, good Lord, I do only appeal to thy great Mercy, which far ſurmounteth all thy Works, and thou haſt promiſed in thy holy Word, yea, and ſworn as truly as thou liveſt, that thou deſireſt not the Death of a Sinner; but rather that he ſhould repent, and live. O gracious Lord, I do confeſs that I am a great and grievous Sinner;

ſwallow me up; and return me home in Safety, that I may bleſs thee in the Land of the Living, and in the Congregation of thy People; and all this, and whatſoever elſe is needful, I ask, for the Sake of Jeſus Chriſt my Lord; to whom with the holy Spirit of Grace, be Glory and Honour now and ever. *Amen.*

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yet O Lord, let me not periſh, nor ſuffer that everlaſting Death of my Soul, which I have ſo deeply deſerved; but make me a Veſſel of thy great Mercy, that I may live and praiſe thy Name amongſt thy choſen Children for ever. O let not my great Sins ſeparate me from the Sight of thy holy Majeſty, but let thy great Power and Mercy be magnify'd in me, as it was in *David*, and *Peter*, and *Mary Magdalen*, and the Thief upon the Croſs. O Lord, I put my whole Truſt and Confidence in thee, who haſt taken away the Sins of the World; who cameſt not to condemn the World, but to ſave it; that none which truly believe in thee ſhould periſh, but ſhould have everlaſting Life; who cameſt not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance. O gracious God, give me true, hearty, earneſt, and unfeigned Repentance, that I may from the very bottom of my Heart continually lament my manifold Sins and Wickedneſs: and ſo aſſiſt me with thy Grace, that I may never treſpaſs againſt thy divine Majeſty any more; but that I may gladly ſerve thee in true Holineſs and Righteouſneſs, all the Days of my Life. Guide me, O Lord, by thy holy Spirit, in all my Ways, Works, Words, and Thoughts, that I may glorifie thy holy Name, which liveſt and reigneſt for ever, through Jeſus, who is my bleſſed

Lord

Lord and Saviour, in Chriſt's Name and Words, I further pray : *Our Father*, &c.

A Prayer for a Sick Perſon.

FAithful Creator and Redeemer of all Men, look down I beſeech thee, upon thy poor Servant, who is puniſh'd and afflicted in Body, with the Smart of my Pain and Sickneſs, and who is alſo troubled with the Fear of thy heavy Diſpleaſure for my many Sins and Iniquities, wherewith I have provoked thy holy Majeſty in the Time of my Health. I confeſs that of very Faithfulneſs and Goodneſs to me, thou haſt laid this Scourge upon me, to the End that by the Stripes of my Fleſh, my Spirit might be healed, and ſaved in the Day of the Lord Jeſus. I valued not the Benefit of Health, as I ſhould have done, and therefore thou haſt made me ſenſible of it, by the Want of it: In my Proſperity I remembred not the Afflictions of my Brethren, and therefore thou haſt afflicted me like unto them : I was in a kind of ſpiritual Lethargy, 'till thou didſt awake me with the Stroke of thy Hand ; and becauſe I know that it is good for me to be thus diſciplin'd by thee, I humble my ſelf under thy mighty Hand ; and kiſs thy Rod, which I truſt through thy

Grace, ſhall make my Soul appear fair and beautiful in thine Eyes. Comfort, O Lord, my fainting Spirit, and ſtrengthen my feeble Knees, and ſupport my weak Hands, and revive my dead Heart; and ſo powerfully aſſiſt me with the Spirit of Strength, that I may with Confidence call upon thee, with Patience endure this Trial, with Hope expect thy good Pleaſure, with Wiſdom make uſe of this thy Viſitation, and with Thankfulneſs ever praiſe thy Goodneſs and Mercy for my ſafe Recovery, if it may be with thy ſacred Will, whereunto I ſubmit and wholly reſign now and for ever, through Jeſus Chriſt, my bleſſed Lord and Saviour; in whoſe moſt holy Words, I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

A Thankſgiving after Recovery.

O Lord God of my Health and Salvation, who haſt known my Soul in Trouble, and didſt make my Bed in my painful and dangerous Sickneſs, and haſt now raiſed me out of it to ſtand before thee; I offer now unto thee a Sacrifice of Praiſe. Becauſe I employed not the Faculties of my Soul, and Members of my Body as I ſhould have done, thou didſt bereave me of the Strength and Vigour, and Uſe of them for a Seaſon; but now becauſe thy Compaſſion fails not, thou haſt returned them

them to me again; wherefore I conſecrate and devote them perpetually to thy Service. And as I am in a State of my Body, ſo by the Power of thy renewing Grace, I will become in the State of my Soul, a new Man. My broken Heart which thou haſt healed, ſhall now entirely love thee; my feeble Knees and weak Bones, which thou haſt ſettled, ſhall Night and Day bow to thee; my weak Hands which thou haſt ſtrengthened, ſhall continually be lifted up unto thee. I confeſs unto thee, O Lord, that in my Health I often read and heard that wordly Delights and Comforts were in vain, and much like Flags and Bul-ruſhes, which Men in Danger of drowning catch to bear them up, but they ſink under Water with them, yet did I not learn till I ſuffered, till thy Rod had imprinted it even in my Fleſh. Now, O Lord, I beſeech thee, to knit my Heart unto thee, that I may fear thy Name; Create in me a new Heart, and renew a right Spirit within me. I asked Life of thee, and thou gaveſt it me; I now deſire and crave thy Salvation, O my God, withhold it not; make me to repent of my Sins (the Cauſe of my Sickneſs) and to depend upon thee, the Giver of all my good Things; and make me in the Time of Proſperity to think of Adverſity, in Health to think of Sickneſs, in Sickneſs to think of

Death, and at all Times to think of Judgment, that whether I wake or ſleep, eat or drink, or whatſoever I do elſe, I may ever have this ſounding in my Ears, *Ariſe ye Dead, & come to Judgment.* Give me Grace, O Lord, to make this uſe of mine Affliction paſt, and to cleave, and ſtick faſt unto thee in all Holineſs for the Time to come, through my Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; in whoſe Name and Words I further pray: *Our Father*, &c.

The Prayer of the Sick, now ready to depart this World.

ETernal and Omnipotent, Infinite, Incomprehenſible God, Lord of my Life, and Determiner of my Days, my Body now is returning into Duſt, and my Soul returning to thee that gaveſt it; O Lord moſt Holy, O moſt Mighty, draw near unto me, who make haſte to come unto thee; give me a clearer Sight of thee, by how much the nearer I am out of the dark Priſon of my Body. Give me alſo a quicker Taſte of the Powers of the Life to come, that I may the more comfortably paſs over the laſt Troubles of this preſent Life. O Father of Mercy, and God of all Conſolation, let not the Guilt of my Sins, or Horror of thy Judgments, or Satan's

tan's Suggeſtions, or the Fear of Death, or Terrors of Hell drive me to deſperation, I confeſs that for my Unmindfulneſs of thee, and Ungratefulneſs to thee all my Life; I deſerve that thou ſhouldeſt utterly abandon and forſake me now at my Death, but thy Thoughts are not like our Thoughts, nor thy Affections like ours. Dear Father, ſhew me Strength in my greateſt Weakneſs, ſend thy Help to me in my greateſt Afflictions, and thy Comforts to me in this laſt Extremity; aſſwage the Pains of my Body with ſpiritual Comfort, and diminiſh the Fear of Death, by the aſſured Hope of a better Life. O let me, that am now returning to Duſt and Aſhes, ſpeak but this once to my Lord and Maker! With all my Heart, Soul and Strength, I beſeech thee, by all that my Saviour Jeſus Chriſt hath done and ſuffered for me, I intreat thee to ſpeak Peace unto my Soul at its departing, and ſay unto it, *I am thy Salvation.* Make my Election ſure by my true Repentance, fervent Charity, aſſured Confidence, conſtant Patience, and comfortable Perſeverance to the End, and in the End. *Amen.*

At the Hour of Death.

WElcome bleſſed Hour, the Period of my Pilgrimage, the Term of my

Bondage, the End of my Cares, the Cloſe of my Sighs, the Bounds of my Travels, the Goal of my Race, and the Haven of my Hopes. I have fought a long Fight in much Weakneſs, I have finiſhed my Courſe, though in great Faintneſs; and the Crown of my Joy is, that through the Mercy of thy Grace I have kept the Truth of thy Word, and I dye in it. I willingly reſign my Fleſh, I deſpiſe the World, and I defie the Devil, who hath no Part nor Share in me. And now, what is my Hope, my Hope, Lord Jeſus, is even in thee. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and thou wilt immediately receive my Soul, and raiſe up my Body at the laſt Day, and I ſhall ſee thee in my Fleſh with thoſe Eyes, and no other; my Heart fainteth, my Strength faileth, my Tongue faultereth: Lord, let thy Spirit of Comfort help mine Infirmities, and make Supplication for me with Sighs and Groans that cannot be uttered. I ſubmit my ſelf wholly to thy Will; I commit my Soul to thee as my faithful Redeemer, who haſt bought it with thy moſt precious Blood. I profeſs to all the World, I know no Name under Heaven by which I may be ſaved, but thine, my Jeſus, my Saviour! I renounce all Confidence in any Merits ſave thine, I thankfully acknowledge all thy Bleſſings, I

un-

unfeignedly bewail all my Sins, I ſtedfaſtly believe all thy Promiſes, I heartily forgive all mine Enemies, I willingly leave all my Friends, I utterly loath all earthly Comforts, I entirely long for thy Coming; come Lord Jeſus, come quickly, Lord Jeſus receive my Spirit.

Sacred Poems upon ſelect Subjects; With divine *Meditations* of the Vanity of Man's Life, and the World; and alſo of the four laſt Things, *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven*, and *Hell*, with *Graces*.

Speaking to your ſelves in Pſalms, and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging and making Melody with your Hearts to the Lord. Eph. 5. 19.

The Soul's Breathing after her Heavenly Country.

1.

JEruſalem, *my happy Home,*
O that I were in thee,
O would my Woes were at an End,
Thy Joys that I might ſee.

2. O

2.

O happy Harbour of the Saints,
O ſweet and pleaſant Soil,
In thee no Sorrows may be ſeen,
No Croſs, no Grief, no Toil.

3.

In thee no Sickneſs ever is,
No Hurt, no Ach, no Sore;
There is no Death, nor ugly Devil,
But Life for evermore.

4.

No Damp, no Miſt is found in thee,
No Cloud, nor darkſome Night,
There every Star ſhines like the Sun,
There God himſelf gives Light.

5.

Thy Houſes are of Ivory,
Thy Windows Chryſtal clear,
Thy Tyles are made of beaten Gold,
O would that I were there!

6.

Thy Turrets and thy Pinacles,
With Carbuncles do ſhine,
Thy very Streets are pav'd with Gold,
Exceeding pure and fine.

7.

Within thy Gates can nothing come,
Which is not paſſing clean,
No Spider's Web, no Duſt, no Dirt,
No Filth there may be ſeen.

8.

Thy Saints are crown'd with Glory great,
They ſee God Face to Face. *They*

They ſtill triumph, they ſtill rejoyce,
Moſt happy is their Caſe.

9.

We that live here in Baniſhment,
Continually do moan;
We ſigh, we ſob, we weep, we wail,
Continually we groan.

10.

But there they in ſuch Pleaſure live,
And ſuch Delight alway,
That unto them a thouſand Years
Doth ſeem but Yeſterday.

11.

Thy Vineyards and thy Orchards are,
Moſt beautiful and fair:
Full furniſhed with Trees about,
Exceeding rich and rare.

12.

Thy Gardens and thy gallant Walks,
Continually are green;
There grows ſuch ſweet and pleaſant Fruit
As no where elſe is ſeen.

13.

There's Nectar *and* Ambroſia,
There's Musk *and* Civet *ſweet,*
There's many fine and dainty Drugs
Lye trodden under Feet.

14.

There's Cinnamon *and* Sugar *too,*
There Myrrh *and* Balm *abound;*
What Tongne can tell, or Heart conceive,
The Joys that there are found?

15. *Quite*

15.

Quite thro' the Streets, with ſilver Stream,
The Flood of Life doth flow,
Upon whoſe Banks on every Side,
The Trees of Life do grow.

16.

The Trees do evermore bear Fruit,
And evermore do ſpring:
There evermore do Angels ſit,
And evermore do ſing.

17.

There David *ſtands with Harp in Hand,*
As Maſter o're a Quire,
Ten thouſand Times that Man is bleſt,
That doth his Muſick hear.

18.

God's Praiſes there are always ſung,
With Harmony moſt ſweet;
Old Zachary *and* Simeon
Have not their Songs to ſeek.

19.

There Magdalen *hath left her Mean,*
And cheerfully doth ſing
With bleſſed Saints, whoſe Harmony
In every Street doth ring.

20.

O heavenly Frame! Jeruſalem,
At length I hope to ſee
Thy glorious Throne, and in the ſame,
For evermore to be.

21.

O heavenly Sight, fair and bright,
When ſhall I come to thee? When

When ſhall my Sorrows have an End,
Thy Joys that I might ſee?

Upon the Paſſion.

1.

THus did the Prince of Life, thus he
That could not die, e'en dy'd for me;
My thoughtful Heart, Lord, ſhall ariſe,
And ponder theſe deep Myſteries.

2.

What means his Death, who knew no Sin?
Or what my Life, who live therein?
Mine was the Debt, and Death my due,
Though thou was pleas'd thy Son to ſue.

3.

Thou, Lord, was on him pleaſed to lay
The Debt, and be the Price to pay;
The Goſpel-Feaſts, though ſweet to me,
Are the Emblems of his Agony.

4.

And Oh! how great his Sufferings were,
Who the Wrath of God & Man did bear;
The Father then forſakes the Son,
And Creatures againſt their Maker run.

5.

Judas *betrays, Diſciples fly,*
Whilſt Jews *and* Romans *crucify:*
Hereat the Sun furls up his Light,
And cloaths the Earth in ſable Night.

6. *The*

6.

The joyleſs Star even ſeem'd to ſay,
Iſrael *had quench'd the Lamp of Day;*
The ſtubborn Mountains they lament,
The Rocks they are aſunder rent.

7.

The Graves their ſealed Doors uncloſe,
The Dead awaken'd alſo roſe;
The amaz'd Centurion *mourning crys,*
Oh! 'tis the Son of God that dies.

8.

Thus theſe all labour to confeſs
Thy Deity, thy Righteouſneſs;
Enough, dear Lord, theſe offer me
Supports for the utmoſt Faith in thee.

Soul's Farewel.

1.

FArewel, poor World, I muſt be gone;
Thou art no Home, nor Reſt for me!
I'll take my Staff, and travel on,
'Till I a better World may ſee.

2.

Why art thou loth my Heart? Oh why
Doſt thou recoil within my Breaſt?
Grieve not, but ſay Farewel, and fly
Unto the Ark of my Dove, there's Reſt.

3.

I come, my Lord, a Pilgrim's Pace,
Weary and weak, I ſlowly move,
Long-

Longing, but can't yet reach the Place,
The gladſome Place of Reſt above.

4.

I come, my Lord, the Floods here riſe,
Theſe troubled Seas foam nought but Mire,
My Dove back to my Boſom flies: (Mire,
Farewel, poor World, Heaven's my De-
(ſire!

5.

Stay, ſtay, ſaid Faith, whither fond One?
Here's a fair World, what wouldſt thou
(have?
Fair World! Oh no, thy Beauty's gone,
An heavenly Canaan, *Lord, I crave.*

6.

Thus the antient Travellers, thus they
Weary of Earth, ſigh'd after thee,
They're gone before, I may not ſtay
'Till I, both thee and them may ſee.

7.

Put on my Soul, put on with Speed,
Tho' the Way be long, the End is
(ſweet:
Once more poor World! Farewel indeed,
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

Of Man's Life: By the Right Honourable the Lord *B.*

1.

THE World's a Bubble, and the Life
Leſs than a Span, (of Man

In

In his Conception wretched; from the Womb,
So to the Tomb.
Christ in the Cradle, and brought up to Years,
With Cares and Fears.
Who then to frail Mortality shall trust,
But lims the Water, or but writes in Dust.

2.

Yet since with Sorrow here we live oppress'd,
What Life is best?
Courts are but superficial Schools
To dandle Fools.
The rural Parts are turn'd into a Den,
Of Savage Men;
And where's the City from all Vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

3.

Domestick Cares afflict the Husband's Bed,
Or pains his Head.
Those that live single take it for a Curse,
Or do Things worse.
Some would have Children, those that have them moan,
Or wish them gone.
What is it to have, or have no Wife,
But a single Thraldom, or a double Strife?

4. *Our*

4.

Our Affections ſtill at home to pleaſe,
Is a Diſeaſe.
To croſs the Sea to any foreign Soil,
Perils and Toil.
Wars with their Noiſe affright us;
When they ceaſe,
We're worſe in Peace.
What then remains but that we ſtill ſhou'd cry,
Not to be born, or being born to dye?

All Vanity but Vertue.

SWeet Day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The Bridle of the Earth and Sky,
Sweet Dews ſhall ſweep thy Fall to Night,
For thou muſt dye.
Sweet Roſe, whoſe Hew, angry and brave,
Bids the raſh Gazer wipe his Eye:
Thy Root is ever in its Grave,
And thou muſt dye.
Sweet Spring, full of ſweet Bays and Roſes,
A Box where Sweets compacted lye,
My Muſick ſhews you have your Cloſes,
And all muſt dye.
Only a ſweet and vertuous Soul,
Like ſeaſon'd Timber, never gives,
And when a whole World turns to Coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The

The Vanity of Man's Life.

1.

What are poor Men but quickned Lumps of Earth?
A Feaſt for Worms, a Bubble full of Breath;
A Looking-Glaſs for Grief, a Flaſh, a Minute,
A painted Tomb with Putrefaction in it;
A Map of Death, a Burthen of a Song,
A Winter's Duſt, a Worm of five Foot long.
Begot in Sin, in Darkneſs nouriſhed, born
In Sorrow, naked, ſhiftleſs, and forlorn;
His firſt Voice (heard) is crying for Relief,
Alas! he comes into a World of Grief.
His firſt Age is ſinful, and his Youth is vain;
His Life's a Puniſhment, his Death's a Pain.
His Life's an Hour of Joy, a World of Sorrow,
His Death's a Winter-night, that finds no Morrow.
Man's Life's an Hour-glaſs, which being run,
Concludes the Hour of Joy, and ſo is done.

2.

How poor a Thing is Man? how vain his Mind?
How ſtrange, how baſe, how wavering like the Wind?
How uncouth are his Ways, how full of Danger?
How to himſelf, is he himſelf a Stranger?
His Heart's corrupt, and all his Thoughts are vain,
His Actions ſimple, and his Words prophane;

His

His Will's deprav'd, his Senſes are beguil'd,
His Reaſon's dark, his Members are defil'd:
His haſty Feet are ſwift, and prone to Ill,
His guilty Hands are ever bent to kill:
His Tongue's a Spunge of Venom, or of worſe,
His Practice is to ſwear, his Skill to curſe:
His Eyes are Fire-balls of luſtful Fire,
And outward Helps to inward Soul deſire:
His Body is of well-erected Station,
But full of Folly and corrupted Paſſion.

3.

How ſlight a Thing is Man, how frail & brittle?
How ſeeming great is he, how truly little!
Within the Boſom of his holieſt Works,
Some hidden Embers of Old Adam *lurks;*
Which oftentimes in Men of pureſt Ways,
Burſt out in Flame, and for a Seaſon blaze.
Lord, teach our Hearts, and give our Souls Direction,
Subdue our Paſſions, curb our ſtout Affections;
And in thy Mercy grant this Boon to me,
That I may dye to Sin, and live to thee.
Our Life *on Earth is like a Thread of Flax,*
That all may touch, and being touch'd it cracks.
Death is a Kalendar compos'd by Fate,
Concerning all Men, never out of Date:
His Days Dominical *are writ in Blood,*
She ſheweth more bad Days than ſhe ſheweth good;
She tells when Days, and Months, and Terms expire,
Meaſuring the Lives *of* Mortals *by her Square.*

Death

Death is a Purſuivant with Eagles Wings,
That knocks at poor Men's Doors, and Gates of Kings. (*thee,*
Worldling, beware betimes, Death ſculks behind
And as ſhe leaves thee, ſo will Judgment find thee.

A Farewel to the World: By the Honourable Sir *H. W.*

1.

Farewel ye gilded Follies, pleaſing Troubles,
Farewel ye honour'd Rags, ye glorious Bubbles,
Fame's *but a hollow Eccho,* Gold's *pure Clay,*
Honour *thy Darling, but of one ſhort Day;*
Beauty *the Eyes of Idol, but a damask'd Skin,*
State *but a golden Priſon to live in,*
And tortures free-born Minds, imbroider'd Trains
Meerly but Pageants for proud, ſwelling Veins.
And Blood *allay'd to Greatneſs, is alone*
Inherited, not purchas'd, not our own. (*Birth,*
Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood &
Are but the fading Bloſſoms of the Earth.

2.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth ſtill
Level his Rays againſt the riſing Hill;
I would be high, but ſee the proudeſt Oak
Moſt ſubject to the rending thundring Stroak.
I would be rich, but ſee Men too unkind,
Dig in the Bowels of the richeſt Mine:
I would be wiſe, but that I often ſee,
The Fox ſuſpected whilſt the Aſs goes free.
I would be fair, but ſee the Fair and proud,
Like the bright Sun, oft ſetting in a Cloud.

I would be poor, but ſee the humbleſt Graſs
Still trampled on by every unworthy Aſs;
Rich hated, wiſe ſuſpected, ſcorn'd if poor,
Great fear'd, fair tempted, high ſtill envy'd more.
I wiſht for all, but now I wiſh for neither;
Great, high, rich, wiſe, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

3.

Would the World now adopt me for her Heir,
Would Beauty's Queen entitle me the Fair,
Fame *ſpeak me* Fortune's Minion, *could I vie*
Angels with India, *with a ſpeaking Eye,*
Command bare Heads, bow'd Knees, ſtrike Juſtice dumb,
As well as blind & lame, or give a Tongue
To Stones by Epitaphs, *be call'd great Maſter,*
In the looſe Rhymes *of every* Poetaſter:
Could I be more than any Man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wiſe, in all Superlatives;
Yet I moſt freely would theſe Gifts reſign,
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one Minute of this holy Leiſure,
Beyond the Riches of the empty Pleaſure.

4.

Welcome pure Thoughts, welcome ye ſilent Groves,
Theſe Gueſts, theſe Courts, my Soul moſt dearly loves.
Now the wing'd People of the Sky ſhall ſing,
My

My cheerful Anthems to the gladſome Spring. (*Glaſs,*
A Pray'r-Book now ſhall be my Looking-
In which I will adore ſweet Vertue's Face,
Here dwell no hateful Looks, no Palace Cares, (*fac'd Fears;*
No broken Vows dwell here, nor pale-
Then here I ſit & ſigh my hot-loves Folly,
And learn to affect an holy Melancholy:
And if Contentment be a Stranger, then
I'll never look for't but in Heaven again.

Concluſion.

BIrth is a Bag, Glory a Blaze,
Honour Earth's Pomp, Riches a Gaze;
Fame is but Wind, Beauty a Flower,
Pleaſure a Dance, the World's a Bower;
In Heaven with thee, Lord, let me be:
On Earth my Heaven's alone in thee.

The bleſſed Souls Eccho, in Anſwer to that Enquiry, *What are the Joys of Heaven?*

Chriſtian. (*below,*

DEar Soul, pray tell me, that lye here
Some of thoſe great Things that above

Soul. *you know.*

Till we meet there, I cannot ſpeak my fill,
Yet ask, I'll eccho, ſomething to you.

Chriſtian. *joy?*

What is is then (dear Soul) that you en-

Soul's Eccho. joy.

Chriſtian.

BRITISH
6 JA 63
MUSEUM

The Martyrdome of King Charles

Chriſtian.

Is your Joy ſmall, or is it plentiful?

Soul's Eccho. full.

Chriſtian. *(glory?*

What is that State whereof you now ſo

Soul's Eccho. glory.

Chriſtian.

Is that your Glory ſhort, or everlaſting?

Soul's Eccho. laſting.

Chriſtian. *(eaſe you?*

Who is there (dear Soul) that thus doth

Soul's Eccho. Jeſu.

Chriſtian. *(Bliſs?*

Doth he embrace you in the Arms of

Soul's Eccho. yes.

Chriſtian.

Would you be here again, or there above?

Soul's Eccho. above.

Chriſtian. *(Even?*

Where ſhall we meet, and talk anon i'th

Soul's Eccho. In Heaven.

Chriſtian.

Tell me, I pray, can you now ſin, or no?

Soul's Eccho. no.

Chriſtian.

You are ſo chang'd, how ſhall I know you?

Soul's Eccho. I know you.

Chriſtian.

Which is our Way to you, as you believe?

Soul's Eccho. believe.

Chriſtian. *(Notion?*

Will not Profeſſion ſerve, and curious

Soul's Eccho. Motion.
Christian. *ing?*
Will not disputing serve, and pious talk-
Soul's Eccho. Walking.
Christian. (*Love?*
How would you have us live below, dear
Soul's Eccho. In Love.
Christian. (*mend?*
What Rule would you to us on Earth com-
Soul's Eccho. Amend.
Christian.
This joy, full, glory, lasting, bliss, above,
Sweet Jesus *grant me, for 'tis thee I love,*
That I sin not whilst I am here below,
But may believe in thee, & thee may know,
Grant me this Faith, to move, walk, love,
amend, (*out End.*
That I may live with thee, World with-
A thousand Times farewel (dear Heart)
Till we shall meet, and never part.
O may we shortly meet again,
To praise our God. Amen.
Soul's Eccho. Amen.
So let me live, so let me dye,
That I may live eternally.

A View of Vanity.

WIT, Wisdom, Beauty, Honour, Na-
ture, Art, (*Part;*
Vertue and Valour, each have play'd a
Upon the World's great Stage the Play is
done, *Each*

Each Action cenſur'd, and a new begun:
Wit play'd the Politician, Art the King,
Wiſdom the Judge, and Beauty well could ſing (Smile,
The Syren's *Song; for with a pleaſing*
She play'd the Paraſite, *and did beguile.*
Vertue array'd in everlaſting Green
Deſcended from above, & play'd the Queen.
Valour was Honour's Servant, & did fight
All doubtful Duels in his Maſter's Right.
Honour was born & bred in Vertue's School
And play'd the Lords, & Nature play'd the Fool. (repeal'd,
Wit's Wiles are loſt, and Wiſdom's Laws
Beauty defac'd, Art's Ignorance reveal'd,
Honour defeated, Valour overthrown,
Nature derided, Virtue's Merit known;
For only ſhe beyond the other ſeven,
Hath left the Earth to act her Part in Heaven.

Quatuor Noviſſima: Or, Meditations on the four laſt Things, *Death Judgment*, *Heaven* and *Hell*.

DEATH.

CAN he be fair that withers at a Blaſt?
Or he be ſtrong that airy Breath can caſt? (live?
Can he be wiſe that knows not how to
Or he be rich that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young that's feeble, weak & wan?

So fair, ſtrong, wiſe, ſo rich, ſo young is Man?
So fair is Man, that Death a parting Blaſt,
Blaſt his fair Flowers, and makes him Earth at laſt.
So ſtrong is Man, that with a gaſping Breath,
He totters and bequeaths his Strength to Death.
So wiſe is Man, that if with Death he ſtrive,
His Wiſdom cannot teach him how to live:
So rich is Man, that all his Debts being paid,
His Wealth's the Winding-ſheet wherein he's laid.
So young is Man, that broke with Care & Sorrow,
He's old enough to Day, to dye to Morrow.
Why brag'ſt thou then, thou Worm of five Foot, long?
Thou art neither fair, nor ſtrong,
Nor wiſe, nor rich, nor young.

JUDGMENT.

The Trumpet ſhall blow, the Dead awak'd ſhall riſe,
And to the Clouds ſhall turn their wandring (Eyes.
The Heavens ſhall ope, the Bridegroom forth ſhall come,
To judge the World, and give the World her (Doom;
Joy to the Juſt, to others endleſs Smart;
To thoſe the Voice bids Come, *to theſe* Depart.
Depart from Life, *yet dying,* live for ever,
For ever *dying be, and yet dye never.*
Depart *like Dogs, with Devils take* your Lot:
Depart *like Devils, for I know you not.*

Like

Like Dogs, *like* Devils, *go ye howl and bark,*
Depart in Darkneſs, *for your Deeds were dark:*
Let roaring *be your Muſick, and your Food*
Be Fleſh of Vipers, *and your Drink their* (Shame;
Blood:
Let Fiends afflict you with Reproach and
Depart, depart into eternal Flame.
If Hell the Portion then of Sinners be,
Lord, give me Hell on Earth,
Lord, give me Heaven with thee.

HEAVEN.

When I conſider New Jeruſalem,
Wherein's reſerv'd my Crown and Diadem:
O what a Heaven of Bliſs my Soul enjoys,
On ſudden wrapt into the Heaven of Joys,
Where Troops of Powers, Vertues, Cherubims,
Angels, Archangels, Saints, and Seraphims,
Are chanting Praiſes to their heavenly King,
Where Hallelujahs *they for ever ſing.*
Where Joys are full and pure, not mix'd with (Mourning.
All endleſs, and from which is no returning;
No Theft, no cruel Murther harbours there,
No hoary-headed Care, no ſudden Fear:
No pinching Wants, no griping Faſt, Oppreſſion;
Nor Death the Stipend of our firſt Tranſgreſſion:
But deareſt Friendſhip, Love, & laſting Pleaſure
Still there abide without Stint or Meaſure;
Fulneſs of Riches, Comfort ſempiternal,
Exceſs without ſurfeiting, and Life eternal.

HELL.

HELL.

Let Poets tell of tortur'd Tantulus,
Let griping Vultures gnaw Prometheus,
And let poor Ixion *turn his endleſs Wheel,*
Let Nemeſis *torment with Whips of Steel;*
They far come ſhort to expreſs the Pains of thoſe
That rage in Hell, enwrapt in endleſs Woes,
Where Time no End, and Plagues find no Exemption,
Where Cries admit no Help, nor Place Redemption;
Where Fire lacks no Flame, the Flame no Heat,
To make their Torments ſharp, and Plagues compleat;
Where wretched Souls to Tortures bound ſhall be,
Serving a World of Years, and not be free;
Where nothing's heard, but Yells and ſudden Cries,
Where Fire never ſlacks, nor Worm e'er dies.
But where this Hell is plac'd, my Muſe ſtop there;
Lord ſhew me what it is, *but never* where.

Of *Death* and *Judgment*, *Heaven* and *Hell*,
Who oft doth think muſt needs dye well.

Short

Short Graces *and* Thankſgivings *before, and after* Meat.

Before Meat.

SÁnctify, O Lord, unto us, the Uſe of theſe thy Creatures, of which by our Sins we have made our ſelves unworthy; and grant that the End of our eating and drinking may be to be better enabled to ſerve thee in our ſeveral Places, thro' Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

After Meat.

ETernal Thanks and Praiſes be aſcribed unto thee, O bleſſed Lord, which haſt opened thy Hand at this Time, and made us Partakers of thy Benefits, Lord, let us never ceaſe to offer unto thee the Sacrifice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving, thro' Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

Before Meat.

HUmble our Souls before thee, O Lord, and cauſe us to ſee the Smallneſs of our Deſert, even in reſpect of the leaſt of thy Mercies, and bleſs theſe thy Creatures to us at this Time, to the rejoicing of the Souls of thy Servants, thro' Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

After

After Meat.

WE give thee moſt hearty Thanks, O Lord, for thy bountiful Liberality to us at this Time; grant we may ſerve thee better in the Enjoyment of theſe Favours. *Amen.*

Before Meat.

LOrd, lift up our Hearts to look unto thee for a Bleſſing upon our Meats, that we may comfortably uſe thy Creatures, as Pledges of thy Favour; thro' Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

After Meat.

LOrd, accept our Thanks for thy Mercy we have enjoyed in receiving theſe thy Creatures for our bodily Relief, and let us alſo labour for the Meat that periſheth not; for the Sake of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

6 JA 63

THE

THE

CONTENTS.

PReparations to Devotion *Page* 1
What Devotion is *ibid*
Some Texts of Scripture to excite to Devotion *p.* 3
A Preparatory Hymn collected out of divers Pſalms *p* 6
An Exhortation to ſtir up all Chriſtians to Prayer *p.* 7

Private Devotions.

A Prayer for Sunday Morning *p.* 8
For Sunday Evening *p.* 11
A Prayer for Monday Morning *p.* 14
For Monday Evening *p.* 16
A Prayer for Tueſday Morning *p.* 17
For Tueſday Evening *p.* 19
A Prayer for Wedneſday Morning *p.* 20
For Wedneſday Evening *p.* 22
A Prayer for Thurſday Morning *p.* 23
For Thurſday Evening *p.* 25
A Prayer for Friday Morning *p.* 26
For Friday Evening *p.* 28
A Prayer for Saturday Morning *p.* 30
For Saturday Evening *p.* 31

Fami-

The CONTENTS.

Family Devotions.

A Prayer for a Family for Sunday Morning *p.* 34
For Sunday Evening *p.* 37
For Monday Morning *p.* 40
For Monday Evening *p.* 43
For Tueſday Morning *p.* 46
For Tueſday Evening *p.* 48
For Wedneſday Morning *p.* 51
For Wedneſday Evening *p.* 54
For Thurſday Morning *p.* 58
For Thurſday Evening *p.* 61
For Friday Morning *p.* 65
For Friday Evening *p.* 69
For Saturday Morning *p.* 72
For Saturday Evening *p.* 76

Occaſional Devotions.

A Poem upon the Return of the Goſpel, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* *p.* 80
The Perſecution in the Reign of Queen *Mary* *p.* 81
A Thankſgiving for the Return of the Goſpel *p* 82
The Prayer of King *Edward* VI. againſt Popery *p.* 83
A Poem upon the *Spaniſh* Invaſion in 1588, with a Relation thereof *p.* 84
A Thankſgiving for our Deliverance from the *Spaniſh Armada* in 1588. *p.* 88

The CONTENTS.

A Poem on the Fifth of *November* *p.* 89
A Relation of the Powder-Treaſon *p.* 91
A Thankſgiving for our Deliverance from the Gun-powder Treaſon. *p.* 94
A Poem on the 30th of *January* *p.* 96
A Prayer for the 30th of *January* *p.* 97
A Poem upon the 29th of *May* *p.* 99
A Thankſgiving for *May* 29 *p.* 100
A Poem on the Peſtilence in 1665 *p.* 101
A Relation of the Peſtilence *p.* 103
A Prayer in Time of Peſtilence *p.* 109
A Poem upon the burning of *London* in 1666 *p.* 111
A Relation of the Fire of *London* *p.* 112
A Prayer for *September* the 2d, when the Fire began *p.* 113
A Poem upon a Sea-fight *p.* 115
A Prayer in Time of War *p.* 117
A Thankſgiving for our Deliverance from Popiſh Tyranny in 1688 *p.* 118
A Prayer in Time of Proſperity *p.* 120
A Prayer in Time of Adverſity *p.* 122
A Prayer before Receiving the Sacrament *p.* 125
A Prayer after Receiving the Sacrament *p.* 127
The Prayer of a Virgin *p.* 129
The Prayer of a marry'd Woman *p.* 131
A Prayer for a Woman with Child *p.* 133
A Prayer for a Woman in Travail *p.* 134
A Thankſgiving after Delivery *p.* 136

The

The CONTENTS.

The Prayer of a Widow *p.* 138
The Prayer of an Orphan *p.* 139
The Prayer of a Mariner *p.* 141
A Thankſgiving for a Mariner *p.* 142
A Prayer for all Chriſtians *p.* 143
A Prayer for the Sick *p.* 145
A Thankſgiving after Recovery *p.* 147
A Prayer for a dying Perſon *p.* 149
At the Hour of Death *p.* 150

Sacred Poems.

The Soul's Breathing *p.* 152
Upon the Paſſion of our Saviour *p.* 155
The Soul's Farewel to the World *p.* 157
The Vanity of Life, by the L. *Bacon* *p.* 158
All Vanity but Vertue *p.* 159
Man's Vanity
Sir *H. Wotton*'s Farewel to the World 162
The Soul's Eccho *p.* 164
A View of Vanity *p.* 166
Meditations on the four laſt Things; *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven* and *Hell* 167
Short Graces and Thankſgivings before and after Meat *p.* 171

6 JA 63

FINIS.